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LADY WILLOUGHBY DE ERESBY AND HER SON.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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* * With this issue of COUNTRY LIFE is published a supplement dealing with the third volume of "In English Homes," which will be published next month.

THE VALUE . . . OF TRADITION.

AT the moment when Lord Rosebery was inditing that letter to Birmingham in which he took his leave of the political stage, his mind must have been full of the matter of his address to the Seaforth Highlanders. True, it was in a sense improvised; a "callant" in the crowd, with his "Man, you're no' a sodger," supplied him with a capital starting point. But it is obvious that the historical facts with which his ideas were garnished had been thought over beforehand. The Regiment's deeds in India, in South Africa, in the Crimea and in Egypt, suggested to him the noble keynote of his address, which we have taken as the title of this article. On ships where their best died of scurvy, on long marches under the burning sun of India, in stubborn and long-contested battles were the traditions formed "which made a regiment illustrious, which made it formidable in the field, and where weapons and numbers alone will not prevail, they give a regiment its glory and its confidence." The result is seen in the characteristic compliment paid by Lord Kitchener. "There is no regiment I would sooner have with me on service than your men of the Seaforths." Somebody has said that there is no habit so useful as the habit of winning, and this is but another way of putting Lord Rosebery's remarks about tradition. It is winning that gives the soldier his best traditions and inspires him with confidence. The traditional knowledge, the knowledge that has been handed down, that the practice in the past has been to achieve victory, is a stimulant to action in the present.

If Lord Rosebery had been in the mood to do it no one could have expanded his subject better than he so as to show the value of tradition in other walks of life. We cannot all of us wear either a kilt or a red coat, and yet how great a part is played by tradition in our lives. We take a great commercial house, and the very mention of the name carries with it associations of probity and unstained honour. It has been the tradition to act straightforwardly and avoid small devices and mean tricks. Here, then, the invisible thing, tradition, is an asset with a money value. In the country it is still more valuable. Perhaps it is not going too far to say that it is tradition which constitutes the main qualification of a land owner. For his is a business unlike any other. The basic fact is that cultivation of the soil under a climate like ours invariably partakes of the nature of a gamble. You may sow and dig, and plough and manure, drain and weed to any extent, and yet wind and rain may undo the work. It is not the same with any other industry. The manufacturer, as a rule, can calculate the risks he has to run and, if he is an adept, avoid them. Not so the farmer. Forces utterly beyond his control may undo the best of his work. Hence it follows that the arrangements which work very well in trade will not do so in agriculture without producing friction. Now a man who has been brought up in the tradition of a great land-owning house, inherits from ancestry a tradition which is a guide in dealing with his tenants and other country people. We knew a most excellent man who coming into money bought a country estate and brought on himself nothing but misery just because he lacked tradition. No one could have been more kind hearted, but what he thought a sense of justice spoiled the effect of his goodness.

For example, if a tenant bargained with him to pay a rent of £600 a year, he expected that this sum would be as punctually paid as, say, interest on Consols. He was not really a Shylock, always exacting his pound of flesh, but a favourite phrase with him was "A bargain is a bargain." He thus became unpopular with his tenants, who up to then had been accustomed to a landlord who had inherited a tradition from his elders and knew the circumstances in which a remission of rent was advisable, and who knew exactly what he ought to do and what he ought not to do on the estate. It was very much the same with the rural tradesmen employed by the newcomer. He was a business man who drew up his contracts and expected that when it had been stipulated for a work to be finished at a certain moment it should be finished. A smart townsman accepts this principle as a matter of course, but the country man is so accustomed to procrastination that it is of no use to expect punctuality from him. He will do his work and do it well, but must have his own time. The greatest mistake was made when a contractor was proceeded against in a law court for having failed to do some work in the appointed time. In consequence of all this, a man who in town had been a general favourite was disliked throughout the county. It had been his intention to enter Parliament, and he had contested the division before taking up residence, being then only defeated by a very narrow majority; but now the tide of feeling ran so strongly against him that he was asked to retire and make way for a more popular candidate. He has been dead for some time now, so that we are recounting ancient history; but the facts are very well known to the present writer, and afford, as we think, a singularly apt illustration of what may occur when a man takes up an estate without having inherited the tradition of management. We could easily point to an exactly contrary example, that of a member of one of the most historic families in England, whose ancestors, direct or indirect, have owned land since the time of the Conquest. He is really one of the most arbitrary of men, and it is a common saying that he can do what he likes in the country. It would be impossible for him to become unpopular even if he wanted to, and the reason is that the tradition of estate managing is so much in his blood and constitution as to be a matter of instinct rather than of reason. Thus by example we have tried to show that the soldiers of peace have to make their traditions or inherit them as much as the heroes of war.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Willoughby de Eresby with her son. Lady Willoughby de Eresby is the daughter of the late Mr. W. L. Breeze of New York and her marriage to Lord Willoughby de Eresby, eldest son of the Earl of Ancaster, took place in 1905.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY NOTES



SHAKESPEARIAN students have been intensely interested in a find made by Dr. Charles Wallace, an American scholar, who has had the luck to discover certain legal documents in which Shakespeare's name is frequently mentioned. The legal case is in itself a curious one. It was the action of a young widow, Thomasine Osteler, who was the daughter of John Hemynys, Shakespeare's friend and editor. She had in 1611 married a famous actor who, dying three years later, left to her certain shares in the Globe and Blackfriars Theatres. The quarrel arose between the girl and her father, and also between her and Walter Raleigh, the son of Sir Walter Raleigh, whom at one time she was desirous to marry. The essential point, however, does not lie in the nature of her quarrels, but in the information which it was the business of her lawyer to collect with regard to the ownership of the theatres we have named. The result is to show that William Shakespeare held a considerable share in them, much more considerable than we had previously reason to believe. One commentator is of opinion that he would draw as much as £600 a year from this source.

If anything were wanted to upset the holders of the Bacon-Shakespeare theory, it would be the facts set forth in these documents. They exhibit him in his relationship with Hemynys and Condell, two friends who, after he was dead, became the first editors of his plays, and responsible for the famous first edition. Mr. Sidney Lee, while complimenting Dr. Wallace, with his usual caution refrains from drawing conclusions from the documents; but then, Mr. Sidney Lee is so suffused with Shakespearian lore that he cannot imagine anyone holding in earnest the Baconian hypothesis, and so misses the importance of the find from this point of view. Much controversy has arisen over the identity of the site of the Globe Theatre, as the evidence unearthed by Dr. Wallace goes to show that the spot chosen for the memorial tablet is not the right one. Sir Herbert Tree, however, sticks to the original choice, grounding his decision on a document dated 1621, which seems to show that the Globe Playhouse was situated in Globe Alley. It is a singular coincidence that the publication of Dr. Wallace's evidence should synchronise so closely with the unveiling of the memorial tablet.

Once more October brought with it the Dairy Show, and the usual array of welcome visitors from the country. It was an exhibition of more than usual excellence, though, if we were to judge only by the entries, it showed a diminution as compared with last year; but what it lacked in quantity was more than made up for in quality. We doubt if a more interesting Dairy Show has ever been held since its institution. Among cows, shorthorns were particularly well represented, and for once the pedigree cows outnumbered the non-pedigree, which perhaps may be taken as a sign that the farmer has overcome his old prejudice to the pure-bred cow, though up to within a very short time ago he considered that anything fit to be shown was sure to be too delicate for the everyday uses of the farm. The efforts of the Dairy Shorthorn Association are evidently bearing fruit. Another feature of the show that commended it to thoughtful visitors was the variety and excellence of the implements shown. The inventor had been very busily at work, and several of the new contrivances were well worth the

attention of all engaged in the dairy industry. In this the show was keeping up its tradition, for since its inception it has been a pioneer. No one who understands the facts will attempt to gainsay the statement that not only have the dairies of England benefited greatly from its institution, but it has had the most remarkable influence on all exhibitions of the same kind held throughout the country.

If English cultivators wish to grow tobacco, it seems hard that they should be hindered from doing so by the law. Yet that this is the case is evident from the reply sent by the Board of Agriculture to the Royal Horticultural Society. The gist of it is that the growing of tobacco duty free for the manufacture of nicotine may not be allowed. The present arrangement is that the tobacco or nicotine used for horticultural purposes is made in bond from duty-free tobacco. There are a number of English cultivators who consider that there is abundant scope for industry in this direction, and they contend that the same facilities ought to be given in England as in Ireland. The growing of tobacco in England could scarcely result in a production of the plant that would seriously rival that of Havana, as far as cigars are concerned, but it would afford excellent material for the manufacture of what we may call horticultural nicotine, the demand for which is an increasing one. The taxation which renders the pursuit of a useful industry impossible cannot be sound, and if the obstacle were removed in one part of the Empire, there does not seem to be any good reason why it should be allowed to exist in another.

THE GOLDEN KEY TO DREAMLAND. BY THE DUCHESS OF BUCKINGHAM AND CHANDOS.

The Golden Key to Dreamland!

Give me the golden key
For now 'tis but in Dreamland
I meet those dear to me—

We'll reach the sunny garden
By the apple orchard gate
Where once a happy May Queen
Reclined in mimic state—

Now saunter by the fish-pools
Fed by the silent stream
Where rainbow trout are lurking
And roach and golden bream.

Shadowed by weeping willows
Bordered by waving reeds
Haunt of the shy reed-warbler
Where the grey-winged heron feeds.

By stately feathering beeches
Down by the Lovers' Walk
Where happened many trystings,
Many a moonlight talk.

Oh! young and lovely faces
Now with the blessed dead
I yearn to clasp and greet you
While idle tears I shed.

Enchanted hours in Dreamland!
Give me the golden key
That I may tryst in Dreamland
With those so dear to me.

Professor Daine at a meeting of the Cheshire Farmers' Club the other day drew attention to another piece of gross injustice connected with the working of the Small Holdings Act. One of his clients received notice to quit his farm on the ground that it was wanted for small holdings. In passing it may be pointed out how desirable it is that an accurate record should be kept of all these successful attempts to displace a prosperous, well-doing farmer in order to make room for others who are new to tillage. In this case the tenant wrote to the Board of Agriculture asking if he was not entitled to compensation for disturbance of this kind. The reply was in the negative. Mr. J. A. Seddon, M.P., put the point to Lord Carrington, and was informed that the tenant farmer in such circumstances was not entitled to a penny. Compulsory purchase is not desirable under any circumstances. It is an insidious principle that the State should have the right to seize private property, merely because there is a real or supposed need for it; but to do so without compensation is mere robbery.

It is curious that Sir Gilbert Parker among others should be so terribly intent on converting the English small tenant holders into owners. The history of our yeomanry shows that the proprietor of a small piece of land is not, as a rule, capable of handing it down for several generations. The reason, of course, is that he has not sufficient capital to tide him over bad times. A very wet, inclement season may leave him without sufficient money to live on, and when once he has taken debt

on his shoulders it is very seldom that he can get rid of it. The tenant is in a much more favourable position, and at once can give up his holding if he does not find it remunerative. All the same, we thoroughly agree with Sir Gilbert Parker's advocacy of the establishment of Land Banks. Properly managed they might in themselves be sound business enterprises, and by advancing money to the cultivator at a fair and reasonable rate of interest confer a great advantage on him. But recent events have shown that the small holder can borrow more advantageously for the purpose of providing himself with stock, implements, manure and seeds, than for buying his land outright.

The Dean and Chapter of Exeter have, year by year, for many years past, been renewing the ornamental stonework of the West Front of their Cathedral. From time to time criticisms have appeared in the public Press, and although the local papers stated that the Dean and Chapter were going to give a complete refutation of the charge brought against them, a West Country contemporary of September 27th gives their first "explanation and defence of the steps they have taken to preserve the fabric of the Cathedral." They state that they are acting under the advice of an eminent architect, but this statement will not, we think, allay fears, for nearly all our cathedrals are known to have suffered severely under eminent architects. Wyatt was an eminent architect, but all are agreed that it is unfortunate he had anything to do with our cathedrals. The Dean says "no attempt has been made, or will be made so long as I am Dean with the present chapter around me, to deal with the ancient figures of the West Front; it is for their preservation that we are dealing with the canopies, niches and other architectural surroundings."

He then says that three courses were open to them. One, to do nothing. Two, to save the stone from further decay by the application of preservatives. Three, to act as they have done and cut away the ancient stone, replacing it by imitative work. The first he reasonably dismissed. The second course he asserts was impossible, as the nature of the stone used would not permit of it; and therefore they adopted the third. By the Dean's own showing, their position seems a hopeless one, because they assert that preservatives are of no use, and, therefore, we may assume that nothing has or will be done to stop further decay of the statues. They probably feel that they cannot reproduce the ancient statuary, and the work which they have done shows conclusively that they are quite incapable of reproducing the ancient canopy work. There is nothing to show that any attempt has been made to test the effect of preservatives, and the canopies which they have cut out show that the stone was only superficially decayed and that there was no danger to the structure of the building through this decay.

There will be no one to grudge the honour that has been conferred upon General Baden-Powell. Although his years number little more than half a century, they have been fuller of life and incident than those of most men. He came to the front more particularly during the recent war in South Africa; but he won his spurs in Afghanistan, in the campaign of 1880-81. He was in Zululand in 1888, and in 1895 went with the expedition to Ashanti. He took part in the operations in Matabeleland in 1896. After the South African War was finished he was appointed Inspector-General of the South African Constabulary until 1903, when he was appointed Inspector-General of Cavalry in Great Britain and Ireland, a position he held until 1907, since when he has commanded the Northumbrian Division of the Territorial Force. This list of services would more than justify the knighthood conferred upon him by King Edward VII.; but his organisation of the Boy Scouts movement is a suitable crown to the edifice of his career. It has proved a very popular form of training, and in establishing it Sir R. S. Baden-Powell has undoubtedly performed a service for which the country ought to be grateful.

The National Loan Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries which was opened on Wednesday by the Right Hon. Lewis Harcourt, constitutes one of the finest collections of pictures ever brought together. Van Dyck, Raphael, Fra Filippo Lippi, and Watteau are among the masters examples of whose work are exhibited. Countess Cowper, the Marquess of Lansdowne, the Duke of Abercorn, the Duke of Grafton and Mr. Alfred de Rothschild are among the contributors, while a very interesting group of drawings by Lancret, Boucher, Fragonard and the two Saint-Aubins has been lent by Mr. J. P. Heseltine. The National Gallery of Scotland sends the "Dénicheur de Moineaux" by Watteau, and the Glasgow Gallery the "Woman Taken in Adultery," ascribed to Giorgione. These pictures are, of course, well known, but many exquisite examples now at the Grafton Gallery have hitherto only been familiar to those who have had the opportunity of

seeing them in the private galleries from which they have been so generously sent. One wonders, however, whether it will have wholly happy results. The object of the exhibition is to assist the funds of the National Gallery; but already two of the pictures now exhibited have been purchased by the inevitable rich American. How many more will share the same fate before the exhibition closes, we wonder?

Dante is a poet who, even to this day, gathers the studious and thoughtful round his work, but the Dante Alighieri Society, which has been holding a conference at Brescia, is not, as might be thought, a body devoted to the study of the "Paradiso." The name of the loftiest and most austere of poets has been appropriately chosen by an association whose aim is to maintain the purity of the Italian language and preserve Italian nationality. Nowhere is such work more needed. Upwards of three-quarters of a million of Italians leave their native land every year, and there must be a great danger of many of them being submerged in the population among which they go. That they should leave home is unavoidable, as the country has not work enough for them, and it is desirable, inasmuch as it relieves the labour market and causes £10,000,000 or £12,000,000 a year to flow back to Italy in the shape of emigrant savings. The Dante Alighieri Society should perform a great work in binding the interests of the emigrants to the homeland.

SIC TRANSIT.

The world's a-cold,
And the west wind grieves
For the dying rose
And the summer's gold
Grown pale and sere,
For the driven leaves,
And the hope that goes
With the changing year.

ANGELA GORDON.

A correspondent writing in the engineering supplement of *The Times* has drawn attention to the tardy development of the telephone in Europe as compared with America. His statement is that America, with one-fifth the population of Europe, has three times as many telephones, and in proportion to the population there are fifteen telephones in America to one in Europe. He proceeds to lay the blame for this slackness on official management. In America the telephones have been brought into such general use by private enterprise, but in Europe officials have retarded development. There is no gain-saying the facts that have been brought forward; but, on the other hand, it has been contended that although we were characteristically slow in bringing the telephone into use, the lines on which we have proceeded have been sound, and that what we have lost in rapidity, so to speak, we have gained in technical efficiency. The question is a very complicated one in its financial aspect, because the Post Office itself engages in the manufacture of instruments and plant, and a true comparison would have to deal with the audited accounts of all expenses that had been incurred. The efficiency of the administration can only be proved or disproved by an investigation, for which the present time is most opportune.

The play in the golf tournament instituted by the *News of the World* will be memorable in the annals of the game for the defeat on the first day of the two leading favourites, James Braid and J. H. Taylor. The odds seemed very much in favour of one or the other carrying off the prize. Taylor is the open champion of the year, and Braid was thought to be invincible on his own ground. Fortune, however, plays a great part in all outdoor games, and the execrable weather on the opening day may have had the effect of injuring the form of these two great players. Braid was defeated by that excellent and popular golfer, Rowe of Ashdown Forest, and Taylor by Hepburn of Home Park. The grim character of the latter's struggle may be inferred from the fact that the match was only decided on the twentieth green. It is not necessary to say that such a mishap might have occurred to any player of any game. It is not altogether to be regretted, because the younger men get so thoroughly disheartened by the monotonous victories of the veterans that, but for an occurrence like this they would begin their matches in an almost hopeless condition of mind.

Sympathisers with the picturesque lost cause of the Jacobites will have been much interested in a recent sale at Inverness of the effects of the late Colonel Leslie Fraser. There was an old Delft plate on which Prince Charlie took his oatcakes at a farmhouse near Forres on his way to Culloden. This went for £13, and a powder-horn with Celtic carving, found on the actual battlefield, fetched £8 5s. A portrait of President Forbes of "the '45" was sold at £52. There was a large and distinguished company at the sale. The total sum realised in the two days was

about £3,000, and considering the rarity of some of the objects put up, it is perhaps curious that larger sums were not given. Lost causes, however, are seldom to be associated with superfluous wealth. If they were, they would hardly be lost.

In a recent report of the Edinburgh Public Parks Committee to the Town Council, it was stated that the number of players who had used the public bowling greens during the past season was 186,300. This is an increase of nearly 8,000 on the number of players similarly recorded last season. The interest in the game in Edinburgh is therefore not only large, but increasing. Although statistics are not available, it is probable from inference that the greater popularity of the game of bowls in Edinburgh is not exceptional. All over the country it has been coming more and more into favour during the last few years. So much can be seen from the number of bowling greens that have been made in parks and public places, and the private bowling greens have at the same time multiplied exceedingly. The game is especially suitable for the country, or even the suburban, house. A green can be made in a comparatively small garden. It is not difficult to learn, as the rules are not complicated, and its fascination increases very quickly among those who have once tasted its delights.

It is satisfactory to hear, on the authority of Mr. Trillot, the British Vice-Consul at St. Nazaire, that the sardines which had for a long while practically abandoned the seacoast of Le Croisie and its neighbourhood, to the great distress of the fishermen, who depended largely on the capture and sale of these little fish for their livelihood, have now returned in great numbers. Their

absence had been locally attributed to the fact that in the past the fishermen had captured them by means of petroleum—used, instead of cod's roe, as bait. The petroleum has the effect of throwing the fish into a comatose state, in which they can be netted out very easily; but it is said that the survivors never return to the waters in which this has been done to them. We may, perhaps, be permitted to doubt whether their disappearance and reappearance, so analogous to what has been our own experience with the allied pilchards and herrings, may not be due rather to natural causes outside our present ken; but in any case, this effect of the petroleum on the fish may give a possible indication to the true cause of the injury to trout in our rivers, said to be occasioned by some effluent from tarred motor roads. Certain recent experiments tend to show that the tar is not really injurious to fish-life. It is, however, not impossible that the petrol deposited by cars and washing off may have a bad effect on the trout.

The wild geese have been working South at an unusually early date this year, and their wedge-formed battalions have been seen stringing over the sky and their cry of "Gabriel's Hounds" been heard weirdly at night. There are some who will try to deduce from this early migration of the wild geese some inference as to the character of the winter that we are to expect, or at least a deduction about the climate from which the birds have come. It is quite true, as a rule, that the migrations of birds are very largely influenced by the food supply question, which depends, in its turn, on the climate; but in the case of the geese the more correct inference perhaps should be that they have been earlier than usual in getting their strong flight feathers.

A GREAT PAINTER OF WILD ANIMALS.

THE appreciation of representations of wild animals, either in line, colour, or what we may call "the solid," has ever been a very real one, especially among the Northern nations, where, in spite of ultra-civilisation, a large section of the healthy-minded strive to keep in its purity the old hunting spirit which dominated the primæval races. No doubt the skin-clad cave-dweller who sketched that

desert places. The painter or modeller of wild animals has two kinds of critics—the one a vast body composed of the artistic public, and the other just a few men who may have some æsthetic tastes, but *who know*. Works such as crowd our Royal Academy year after year, consisting of sprawling leopards, menagerie lions in unreal Africa, and soft, well-groomed tigers, are doubtless satisfying to the critics of painting; but these,



From a Painting

THE EAGLE'S DINING-TABLE.

By Wilhelm Kuhnert.

life-like picture of the rut-spent reindeer had an appreciative audience in the case of Comberelles; and to-day, when some genius arises to give us wild animals as they really are in the wild state, we are ready to offer our meed of praise. But how few there are, after all, that do give us work which is convincing; that is to say, absolutely satisfying to the man who has been through the rough experience of camp-life in the

however well painted, are only the creatures of cages placed in false landscapes that travellers have never seen. The snap, the vitality and the essentials of life and truth are wanting. These great and beautiful cats are mean, spiritless things compared to the virile brutes whose everyday life is full of danger and constant war.

Germany has given us some great artists, notably Joseph Wolf, Richard Friese and others scarcely less talented—men

*From a Painting**ELEPHANT BULL ALARMED.**By Wilhelm Kuhnert.*

who, with thorough technical and anatomical knowledge, have yet added to their genius by going afield and studying the various beasts in their own homes. They have surpassed our artists because they have not been content with caged creatures, but have mastered that great essential, local atmosphere, as well. At the present moment there is no finer living exponent of African mammals than Wilhelm Kuhnert, some of whose work appears in these pages. We who have travelled do not need to be told that these studies from Nature are correct. His lions, elephants, zebras and antelopes are so real that we feel we are actually gazing upon them in the forests and plains of East Africa. The landscapes are simple but intense; sunlight is there, and the trees and grass are just those that grow in the habitat of the several species. Kuhnert has, as it were, got inside the very skin of African life, and draws you insensibly

within the charmed circle. To the big-game-hunter, I mean the man who loves to observe in preference to the man who only cares to shoot, his views of wild life are complete, because you know he has been through the mill himself, and studied with humility. Artistic shams, so often acclaimed as the works of geniuses by an unseeing public, may have their little day, but what is really great has only at first an audience fit and few. Time, however, changes and tries all things, and the best is always recognised in the end, though, perchance, not in a man's lifetime. So Kuhnert's paintings of Africa and its game will one day be as well known and appreciated in England as they are to-day in Germany. Those who like to see wild Nature as it is will have an opportunity of doing so in London this winter, when, I hear, there is to be an exhibition of his paintings. Whenever I look at a brother artist's work I wonder if he

*From a Painting.**LIONS AT BAY.**By Wilhelm Kuhnert.*

can represent animals and birds in extreme movement, for if he is successful, I know that he has mastered his art to its finest points. Kuhnert is one of the few artists who dare to put large mammals in unconventional positions and is supremely successful in doing so. Of his bird work I will not speak, because I think it does not reach a high level. One of the finest books he has illustrated throughout is "Thierleben der Erde," but the contrast between his pictures of fur and feather is very great.

Wilhelm Kuhnert was born on September 28th, 1865, at Oppeln in Schlesien. At an early age he showed artistic talent, drawing all things that attracted his fancy. After three years at the Berlin School of Art, where he studied the figure, landscape

and animals, he displayed such a partiality for the last-named that he resolved to devote his life to the subject. He has travelled extensively in Egypt, Italy, Ceylon and East Africa (two expeditions), and is now contemplating a year's hunting in Barotseland. From a study of his work it is easy to see that he is almost as devoted to his rifle as to the paint brush, and loves to creep up to wild beasts and observe their movements at short range. He tells me that once he was for half-an-hour within 20ft. of a bull elephant, and several times within a few yards of rhinoceroses. Being still in the prime of life, we may expect many fine pictures of the great game of Africa in the future.

J. G. MILLAIS.

HORNED FROGS.

By G. A. BOULENGER.

IN those pre-Darwinian days when general appearance went for much in the systematic arrangement of animals, various frogs in which the upper eyelid is produced into a pointed appendage, or horned frogs as they are called, were grouped together under the name of *Ceratophrys* (horned eyelid). As late as the middle of last century an eminent zoologist, whose name is connected with a great work on snakes in which the futile attempt was made to classify these reptiles according to their physiognomy, Hermann Schlegel, included in the genus *Ceratophrys* forms belonging to two distinct families, the *Ceratophrys* proper, South American *Cystignathids*, and the *Megalophrys*, Asiatic members of the *Pelobatids*, one of the species of which, *Pelobates cultripes*, the South European spade-foot, has been represented from living specimens in a previous number of *COUNTRY LIFE* (May 30th, 1908, page 761). We now know that the form of the upper eyelid is of very little systematic importance, nearly related species being provided with, or destitute of, the pointed appendage which gives a frog such a startling and formidable appearance. This is clearly shown by the known members of the genera *Ceratophrys* and *Megalophrys*, in which we observe every degree in the development of this character.

Within the last thirty years, a considerable number of new forms of horned frogs have been discovered in the tropical parts of Africa, of Asia and of America, belonging to various families, such as the true frogs (*Ranids*), the tree frogs (*Hylids*), the true toads (*Bufo*nids), etc. Some of these are here represented.

One of the earliest discovered species, *Ceratophrys dorsata*, a native of Brazil, grows to a considerable size and is highly remarkable for the presence of a shamrock-shaped bony buckler on the back. It feeds chiefly on small mammals and on other frogs. According to Prince Maximilian von Wied-Neuwied, this frog is remarkable for its sexual colour-dimorphism, males being of a bright orange on the back and females of a bright green. An allied, likewise brilliantly coloured species, with the eyelids but slightly produced, *Ceratophrys ornata*, has been figured in the article on burrowing frogs quoted above. These frogs are noted for their vicious temper and the severe bites they can inflict. *Megalophrys nasuta*, another long-known species, inhabiting



BRAZILIAN CERATOPHRYS.

the Malay Peninsula and Archipelago, looks nearly as bad as *Ceratophrys*, but few observations have been made on its habits, although its tadpole has been recently discovered and has proved a most interesting one. An allied species, *Megalophrys* Fear, of which I kept living specimens a few months ago, received from my valued correspondent in Upper Burma, Mr. Herbert Hampton, showed like *Ceratophrys* an irascible nature, being very ready to bite, at the same time uttering a loud and startling scream, not unlike that of *Pelobates*, but of greater intensity. A photograph of these specimens is here given.

A very curious frog, discovered twenty-five years ago in the Solomon Islands by Mr. H. B. Guppy, is *Ceratobatrachus Guentheri*, closely agreeing with the true frogs in its skeletal features, but provided with teeth in both jaws—a very exceptional character in Tailless Batrachians. This *Ceratobatrachus*, of which I have seen a great number of examples, varies astonishingly in coloration and in the arrangement of the glandular ridges on the back. In addition to the produced eyelids, it has a pointed flap on the end of the snout and another on the heel. As remarked by its discoverer, it is, in fact, all points and angles. Mr. Guppy found these frogs very numerous in the islands of Bougainville Straits, and so closely do they imitate their surroundings, both in colour and in pattern, that on one occasion he captured a specimen by accidentally placing his hand upon it when claspings a tree. Mr. Guppy was not able to make any observations on its breeding habits, but from the fact that gravid females contain eggs of a remarkably large size we may surmise that the young does not pass through the ordinary course of metamorphoses, but probably develops entirely in the egg-capsule, nourished by a large yolk-sac, and emerges as a perfect frog, as has actually been observed in another frog from the same islands, *Rana opisthodon*.

A South American horned frog, *Ceratohyla bubalus*, externally not unlike *Ceratobatrachus*, and likewise provided with teeth in the lower jaw, but belonging to a quite different family (*Hemiphractids*), is known to dispense with the metamorphoses, and the



MEGALOPHRYS NASUTA.

enormous eggs, few in number, are carried on the back by the mother. The example figured was obtained in South-Eastern Peru at an altitude of 6,000 ft. by the late Mr. G. Ockenden, and was exhibited by me a few years ago at a meeting of the Zoological Society. In another South American frog with horned eyelids, *Nototrema cornutum*, one of the true tree frogs (Hylids), the female also takes charge of the eggs, and carries them in a dorsal pouch, opening behind, within which the young undergo the whole of their development, escaping as perfect little frogs differing only in size from their parents.

We are now acquainted with quite a number of cases of Tailless Batrachians dispensing with the metamorphoses, i.e., never passing through the tadpole state, as do our familiar frogs and toads, and here again we see that these modifications of the normal course of development have taken place irrespectively of the natural affinities of the species in which they have been observed. Thus the *Nototrema*, or Marsupial tree frogs, are very closely related to the tree frogs of the genus *Hyla*, in which most species undergo a development quite similar to that of our frogs, while other species of the same genus are endowed with remarkable nursing instincts, by which the young are protected in different ways by the parents, the larval life being either abbreviated, hurried through or entirely suppressed. Within the genus *Nototrema* itself we know species in which the offspring leaves the maternal dorsal pouch in the tadpole condition, and others in which it hops out as a little frog, without even a vestige of a tail.

Among the toads proper we also come across horned species. The first known was described by me as *Bufo ceratophrys* from Ecuador. Its upper eyelid is produced into a long pointed flap. In another species, discovered in Cameroon by Sir Harry Johnston, and for which I proposed the name *Bufo*



MEGALOPHRYS FEÆ.

superciliaris, the eyelid is much less produced, but its edge is raised and triangular and shows an approximation to the condition attained in the South

American species. It grows to a large size and is often vividly coloured with yellow and crimson, and the blackish brown colour bordering the eye intensifies its sinistral appearance, as shown by the photograph given on the next page. This curious toad further shows that a true toad may have a perfectly smooth skin, apart from the large poison glands, studded with pores, situated behind the eye. Toads are often believed to differ from frogs in having a very warty skin, which is true only of some of the species, such as those occurring in this country. We are probably justified in assuming that the horned, or pointed, eyelid, by giving the



THE HORNED FROG OF THE SOLOMON ISLANDS.

frog or toad a more formidable appearance, acts as a safeguard by causing fright to some at least of those creatures' enemies which might not be sufficiently deterred from attack by the poisonous dermal secretion with which all Batrachians have been endowed as a means of protection.



HORNED MARSUPIAL FROG.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

USING DAMAGED BARLEY ON THE FARM.

ALTHOUGH much of the barley crop has now been carried, there is sure to be a large quantity that is unfitted for malting purposes, some because it is too washed or weather-stained, some because it sprouted in the field, and other because in many cases farmers began to despair of their barley ever getting thoroughly dry, and in desperation carted it in a damp condition. A large proportion of the corn on most farms ought to remain unthreshed until March or April; but on arable farms many a tenant will be obliged to market corn that is out of condition in order to raise money. Wheat that is carted when damp suffers less than barley that is harvested under the same circumstances, provided

sufficient time is allowed for the former to dry in the stack, and therefore I predict that for the next few months a great deal of very low quality barley will be on sale. Should this cause a glut in the market, prices for this class of barley will be sure to be low, and farmers whose means will allow them to make use of their damaged corn as foodstuffs for livestock, instead of immediately converting it into hard cash, may be wise to do so. Pigs thrive best of all animals on barley meal, and some can be given to poultry. Barley meal is also a good food for bullocks and store cattle if used with judgment and mixed with other artificial food and with roots. Barley can also be utilised as corn for cart-horses, and they will look fat and sleek if fed with barley that has been thoroughly sprouted, especially if intermingled with a small proportion of dry oats. It is dangerous, however, to feed horses with much dry barley. To cause the barley to sprout, a simple plan is to first steep it in a tub and then to place it in a heap and cover it with sacking or some material to exclude the light. As food for sheep, barley is best when given in the form of malt. Should the price of cakes fall



CERATOHYLA BUBALUS (EGGS ON BACK)

(they are all very dear at present), and the worst barleys fetch not less than 25s. per quarter of 32st., it may be wise to sell barleys, even at that wretched price, and to buy cake instead.

A SHORT-SIGHTED POLICY.

AS is well known, the shorthorn trade has not been so good during the past couple of months as it was at the beginning of the season. And this has had the effect of throwing a number of very inferior shorthorns on the open markets. At Birmingham Autumnal Shorthorn Sale, for instance, there were a lot of very rough cattle, from a breeder's standpoint, and these did not make common stock values. The breeders would not have them at any price, and non-pedigree farmers were doubtful as to whether they were all right when the sellers were accepting such values as they did. So between the two many animals were not wanted, and a lot of non-sales running through the ring has a very damaging effect on the sales. Would it not be better for breeders to get rid of this class at home by stripping the pedigree and letting them take their chance as ordinary cattle? It would be far better to do this than for a breeder to proclaim to the world, "See the weeds I breed," as that is what it amounts to, and it is galling to any auctioneer to endeavour to sell such animals. It was not only so with the females but with the males as well; surely it would be better for the knife to be more freely used rather than keep on a number of weak bulls that no one desires. The Devon Cattle Breeders' Association has faced this problem; in consequence the sale average becomes higher as the inferior animals are deleted, and a somewhat similar practice must be adopted by shorthorn-breeders. Another item is also tending to force down prices. At one time many breeders thought a fine way to build up a herd was by investing in a number of short-pedigreed ones, so that they could ultimately breed them into the book. But foreign requirements insisted on the long pedigree, and now, in consequence, many breeders are weeding the short pedigrees out of their herds faster than they were brought in. When these are sent to public sales they scarcely realise a guinea more than if they were sold as ordinary cattle at home. And there is considerable extra expense.

THE CULT OF THE CHEDDAR CHEESE.

Frome Show, which was held last week, becomes of increasing importance as the years roll on. Last week's entries constituted a record to be envied. It was an essentially three-county exhibition for Somerset, Dorset and Wilts, and afforded the most striking set of object-lessons that I have yet seen. It has been said that agricultural education



CAMEROON HORNED TOAD.

has been of little utility. Five-and-twenty years ago in the Market House might have been seen cheese as full of gas as a modern balloon. The hoven cheeses with convex heads were only excelled by those with concave ones in wickedness. This year there was not a single hoven or "sweet bucky" cheese in either the show or the Market House. Formerly the origin of these was set down to the land rather than to the farmer and maker, but now it is assigned to bad water and insanitary conditions on the farm. There is another thing to be noted, viz., the blow given to what has become the acidity craze. A few years ago it was impossible to win a butter prize under some judges unless it was positively sour, if not, it was not considered ripe. Then the same idea spread to the cheese. But the consuming public has not evinced a partiality for this sour cheese, and so this year the judges gave it the cut direct. Once again they sought that flavour so intimately associated with the kernel of a well-ripened hazel nut, and they found it in only a few instances. Messrs. Cary and Porch were the largest winners, securing the championship of the show as well as the £10 10s. prize offered in the Cheese Fair by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Some of the old-time makers had a chance to look in again, but many found themselves out of the prize-list through the acidity campaign. E. W.

THE DAIRY SHOW.

On Tuesday last the thirty-fourth annual show of the British Dairy Farmers' Association was opened at Islington under the presidency of Lord Belper. In the morning the weather was favourable, but it turned stormy in the afternoon. An excellent attendance showed, however, that a little rain was no deterrent. Next week we shall have a critical account of it, but at the moment can only notice a few of the leading features. One of these, which must give great satisfaction to all who have the interests of the shorthorn at heart, was the predominance of pedigree animals over cross-breed. Another feature was the large and excellent entry of goats. A third was the excellence of the machinery and implements. The dairy products were also extremely good, and it may be noted that the Queensland Farmers' Co-operative Company, Limited, was first in its class for salt butter, while the Onkaparinga Cheese and Butter Factory Company, South Australia, attained a similar honour for fresh butter. Most of the exhibitors who took high honours are well-known possessors of pedigree herds. In Class I. Mr. C. R. W. Adeane was first and Lord Rothschild second for shorthorn cows entered in or eligible for Coates's Herd Book. For shorthorn herds not eligible Mr. J. F. W. Spencer was first with his Merry Maid, and Mr. G. B. Nelson second with Buttercup. In the Lincolnshire red variety of shorthorn cows, Mr. J. Evens carried off the first three prizes with Burton Quality Fifth, Burton Spotted Fifth and Burton Ruby Twelfth. Lord Rothschild took the first prize for shorthorn heifers and Mr. G. Taylor second, while Mr. G. B. Nelson was first with shorthorn heifers not in the Herd Book and Mr. F. J. Stanhope second. The first prize for Jersey cows was won by Mr. Miller-Hallett and the second by Mr. Bruce Ward. For the best Jersey heifer bred in Great Britain or Ireland, Mr. J. H. Smith-Barry took both first and second prizes. For the best Jersey heifer bred in the Channel Islands, Mr. W. Alexander took first and second. First and second Guernsey cows were shown by Sir E. A. Hambro, and the best two Red Poll cows by Mr. K. M. Clark, who also showed the best Red Poll heifer. Messrs. W. and H. Whitley produced the best South Devon cow and Muriel Lady De La Warr took first for Kerry cows. The prize of £20, given for the best pair of cows of any breed or cross in milk, was won by Mr. A. Stansfield, to whom Mr. Tom Hunter was second and Mr. James Sheppy third. The best cow of any breed or cross in milk was produced by Mr. S. S. Raingill. Messrs. R. W. Hobbs and Sons took the first prize for the best shorthorn bull twelve months or over, and Lady Rothschild did the same for the best Jersey bull. As we have said, goats were very well represented, the chief prizes being carried off by Mrs. J. C. Straker, Mrs. M. E. B. Handley Spicer, Mr. W. A. Wilcox and Lady Arthur Cecil.



A DAIRY SHOW.



TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

WHEN THE GENERAL WAS AFRAID.

BY
"PILGRIM WHITE."



LAUGHTER and protests were heard from their retired Excellencies, who were sitting round a table in Wiesbaden. But the white-

headed little General, who had been speaking, remained grave and said: "Yes . . . it is true; in eighteen-seventy I was afraid . . ."

"Of whom?"

"To this day I know not! . . ."

And seeing their incredulous and interested faces he added:

"If you like I will tell you about it. . . . It is a strange story and not long. . . . It was in the winter, and near Orleans. The exact name of the little snowed-up hole of a place in which we Dragoons were quartered has escaped my memory for the moment. Bavarians had been in the village before us. As they marched off we moved into the rooms and stables, still warm from their occupation. Only the little castle in the midst of the small village just opposite the church remained uninhabited. In the night skirmishes which had preceded the taking of the village, a troop of Franc-tireurs who were cut off from the main army had been established there. Our men desired to avoid unnecessary bloodshed through a direct attack, so they fired the back of the building, and finally the Franc-tireurs withdrew. It may be that savage scenes occurred—no mercy on either side. The owner of the property, a retired Bonapartist colonel and his son, who both took part in the fight, fell . . . and ultimately all became quiet; only the flames still crackled—and the greater part of the little castle was burnt down on that cold winter's night.

Only the front of the mansion remained standing. It could easily have been made habitable, but the Bavarians, in the fifteen days they spent there, felt no desire to do so. The place awakened gloomy memories. Blood was everywhere—tufts of hair on the walls, doors forced open in hand-to-hand fights, red straw in the great hall where the owner of the castle and his son had lain beside a row of Volunteers, fully a dozen mute figures, until the curé and peasants had carried them to their last resting-place in the cemetery. It had all come to pass as they themselves had chosen—they had resisted us by force of arms—therefore . . . but, at any rate, the desolate house with broken window-panes was standing empty when we arrived.

Nevertheless, one of the Bavarians had been inside it! In the stillness of the night—so many people asserted—mysterious sounds had been heard . . . numerous voices, hushed laughter, steps, banging of doors, will-o'-the-wisp lights in the windows. . . . Of course the first thought was of Franc-tireurs; but that was out of the question in the midst of this village teeming with Germans. And just this mystery excited a young lieutenant of the Bavarian Light Cavalry. He declared that for once he would spend a night in the haunted house; and towards evening he moved over there with a mattress and a revolver. But the others had not yet gone to bed when—at about ten o'clock—he reappeared in their midst and quietly sat down among them. Why he had not remained over there could not be discovered. No one could get a word out of him about it. He submitted calmly to being chaffed, but kept a scrupulous secrecy, and ultimately rode away with his regiment.

And we, their successors, were already full of the legends about the castle. The troops were telling the most foolish stories, and this annoyed our adjutant. He wished to prove that they were false. On the third morning after our arrival, he said to us quite coolly:

"Well, boys . . . I passed the whole of last night over there!" A couple of witnesses testified to it. Everyone asked:

"Well—and . . .?"

"I slept and dreamt of my mother. . . . Nothing else at all. . . ."

He laughed and was in good spirits, although he looked rather pale. Towards evening he rode to the brigade quarters—three villages off—to receive orders. He has never again been seen. A few days later his horse was found half starved in the open fields. God knows where the Franc-tireurs have buried him.

Some time afterwards we were sitting together one evening in thoughtful mood and talking about our missing comrade, and how, just the night before his death, he had been in that house of which the dark window-frames were distinctly yawning across the snow in the moonshine. Gradually a silence fell on us. Each feared to be turned into ridicule if he seemed to believe in ghosts, yet each was feeling a vague uneasiness when he saw that little castle in the full light of the moon.

Now it so happened that I had taken a good deal of wine that evening, for I had not been well during the last few days. I was continually feeling chilly and my head was heavy. But now the wine inclined me to be as venturesome as I usually was when a young lieutenant of six-and-twenty, and I called out:

"We must get to the bottom of this! I shall establish my headquarters over there for to-night."

"You will not go there!" So spake one of my best friends beside me; and I replied:

"What will you bet?"

"My white Arab. . . ."

He had carried off this mare from a fallen French officer. She was a beautiful animal, well worth eight hours in the haunted house. And he added:

"She is anyway too light for my weight! Early to-morrow she will be yours!"

"Done!"

I did not need much asking to accept. I was full of enterprise, and I wanted by some extraordinary means to shake off the inexplicable depression which had been weighing me down during this last week. So at about ten o'clock I strolled across the crunching snow to the silent house, my servant with me. He carried the bedding, which he laid down by the fireplace in the great hall, the only room in which the windows were whole. He had already lit a fire, and, pushing forward a few more logs of wood for replenishing it, he faced about at my "All right—now be off!" and was scarcely outside the door than I heard him running as fast as he could. The silly fellow was alarmed lest somewhere in this room, where shortly before so many men had lost their lives, something out of the darkness might call after him or seize hold of him. And then all was still and I was alone.

My spirits were now pleasantly excited, almost cheerful. I stretched myself out comfortably on the mattress, with my back to the wall; for, after all, it would not be pleasant if suddenly something stood behind one; and I lay there smoking a cigar, fully dressed with a revolver beside me. The hall was large, the corners were dark, for the light from the candles and the flicker of the fire did not reach so far. Only the middle of the room was lit up by the silvery moonshine from the white wintry night outside. At the windows it was almost as light as by day. One could distinctly recognise on the scratched parquet floor single blades of straw and peculiar dark spots. The spots were human blood. It did not matter to me. Gradually things became more indistinct, and a peculiarly deep sense of weariness paralysed me. For days I had had this sensation, but never so strongly as now. It produced in me the desire just to close my eyes and move no more. And that would be a good thing, for then I should sleep through the night and next morning the mare would be mine. . . .

And, in fact, I did gradually fall asleep—at least, it was a restless half-sleep, in which reality was ever taking part—now with a few strokes from the tower of the little church, now with a few voices of dragoons in the street; then the watch-guard

sounded the hour, and in between came confused dreams about home; perhaps peace would soon be declared; the winter campaign was no enjoyment—least of all these scrimmages with Franc-tireurs as here in this hall, where they seized each other by the throat and where their brains were knocked out by the butt end of a gun—and now it was all so silent—so deadly silent . . .

And cold, too. I was shivering under the thick woollen covering which I had put over me, and I drowsily looked at the fireplace near me. Of course, it was only just glowing and the flickering little flames were expiring. It must be replenished. I raised myself upon my elbow and with the other hand pushed a few logs on to the fire. Then I lay down again. I was now quite awake, and with wide-open eyes looked about the room so brightly lit up by the moon. And with amazement I observed that someone was standing by the window—a young officer.

His back was turned to me and he seemed to be pensively looking out into the wintry night. He did not move, but from head to foot he was plainly discernible.

And just through that, my first thought came to nought, *i.e.*, that it was one of those who had been killed here—perhaps the son of the owner of the castle. For the man at the window was wearing German uniform—the uniform of my regiment.

That immediately calmed me. It was quite simple; while I had been asleep a comrade had come to see how I was getting on, and above all if I really were in the house. Naturally—for no one likes losing a bet, and such a mare in addition!

So I said quite pleasantly and in a low tone from under the covering:

"Well—which of you is it?" and in the silence exactly like an echo resounded from the empty walls of the great hall, "which of you is it?"—but no answer came. I repeated the question louder a second time and angrily and impatiently a third time . . . but the only sound I heard was my own voice . . . strange in the still night. The form at the window took no notice. It stood there, quite still, not turning towards me but looking out at the charred remains and the snow in front of the window.

And suddenly it became clear to me: that is our adjutant! . . . or something of him . . . something that has remained after they shot at him from behind in the woods; and as that thought passed through my head, my heart began to beat violently, and I lay immovable in order not to attract the attention of the apparition at the window.

Then I thought again: if it is the adjutant—well, he is my comrade, my good friend. He won't do me any harm! At most he has come back for once to warn me of something or to disclose his murderers to me, so that to-morrow I may get hold of the wretches, shoot them and take possession of their farms. . . . Of course, this was all folly; but the thoughts were whirling about in my head, which was as heavy as lead. I could not raise it from the pillow and never turned my eyes from the silent, brightly lit up form at the window.

The adjutant had been a dark man of medium size. The lieutenant here, however, had fair hair. That struck me, for it did not correspond. It must then be another man. But who else would be wearing the uniform of my regiment?

Then I saw something that in itself was quite insignificant. A bit of wadding. It was sticking under the right ear of my ghostly comrade, which was turned towards me. And at once I was seized with the most awful terror I ever experienced in my life—the worst a human being could undergo.

When was it then? Two days ago?—no, three days ago. I had been shaving myself that morning, my fingers stiff from the cold, and hence had cut myself—at the back of my cheek—under the right ear. The military surgeon who happened to be there, put on to it a little pad of wadding. It was still adhering. I could feel it with my hand. But over there at the window he too had it on exactly the same spot. And if that were so, then apparently that strange officer in the moonshine was *me*—and I must be duplicated in this room. Everything was in accord—height, size—everything about the shadowy phantom over there—and in my foolishness I thought: when he turns round to me, then I shall know!

Almost in the same moment, just as if I had commanded it, the lieutenant turned round towards me, and I saw *myself*. . . . Quick as lightning I thrust my head under the covering and could hear the turbulent beating of my heart. I tried to comfort my trembling self: You are here . . . what you were looking at over there was not *you*! You imagined it all in your excitement! Outside all was quiet. A slight hope came to me: if you were now to come out from the darkness and open your eyes, you would find the room empty and that it was all a dream. . . .

But at all events I was not dreaming now; on the contrary, I was wide awake, and could distinctly hear the church clock striking outside and the distant crowing of a cock—and nevertheless, when I again took a look, there was the lieutenant still standing, his back to me, looking out apathetically on to the snow.

And a morbid curiosity seized me: He must turn round—you must see yourself once again!—and immediately he did it,

and I noticed whatever I, at the fireside, was thinking, that one over at the window immediately did. My will acted both here and there . . . through it we were united—and we looked at each other—and now I fully recognised myself . . . and tremblingly thought: If only that other one does not begin to laugh! And already he was laughing so that I could see his white teeth under the moustache. A cold perspiration broke out on my brow, and whether I would or no the thought forced itself upon me: Thank God—we are ten paces apart! . . . I must not let him come nearer—he must *not* come any nearer! And in this same moment the one at the window put himself in motion and came with quick long strides towards the mattress on which I lay. I sprang up and rushed like a terrified hare out of the room, along the vestibule lit up by the moon, to the open hall door, and behind me were hasty, buoyant steps and soft clanging of spurs, and I ran faster and ever faster, and lost my footing on the slippery outside steps and fell headlong into the snow.

That cooled me, and gradually my senses returned. I lay there in clear cool air and saw over me the stars—nothing else. My double had gone; and I was a broken-down man. Slowly I rose up and strode away through the snow—anything to get away from that house—and I kept nervously turning round to look back. But nothing followed me. Now, I must not see anyone, I must not be seen by anyone. I felt a ghastly terror of meeting someone who might ask me what had happened. One certainly might tell that one had seen a Franc-tireur or even a ghost. But that one had beheld one's self—no, that was impossible. Therefore I did not wish to return to my quarters. My comrades would have noticed me and laughed at me. But near by was the stable where my horses and those of the other lieutenants were kept. A lantern was burning there, and I pushed open the door, stepped across the astonished and sleepy stable-men lying on the ground and crouched down in the corner on a couple of sacks of fodder. There, with a constant cold shiver down my back, although it was warm among the horses, I waited for the dawn.

Now I grasped why nothing would induce the Bavarian Volunteer to say what he had seen that night in the castle, and why our adjutant, on the morning of his return from there, had laughed—to conceal his pallor and horror. And on the very same evening he had died. An old saying came to my mind: "He who sees himself must die." . . . Dawn was already breaking. From the distance I heard a hollow sound—once, twice . . . then at regular intervals . . . cannon-shots. . . . Gradually they became louder. There would be a fight to-day. We were coming to the enemy, and then . . . I was convinced that I should not live through the next day. Supporting my head on my hand, in the deepest depression, I looked down on the dirty floor and on the snoring men. To die so young—to leave this beautiful world. I had a home and parents and someone whose image filled my heart . . . it would all come to an end . . . soon . . . and truly it was well it should . . . for this night had filled me with terror of myself. . . . I heard clanging outside. The trumpeters were riding through the snowy streets sounding the alarm. In the hurry of mounting no one observed my appearance. Only my friend called out.

"Well—I congratulate you . . . the Arab is yours!" And I waved my hand energetically.

"Keep it! . . . Keep it! . . ." and without noticing his air of amazement I trotted away to the battery allotted to my squadron as cover. On that day we got into the thick of the fire. Just behind me three or four Dragoons were knocked out of their saddles by chassepot bullets, and a shell burst quite close to me, and among the heap of men and horses there was our youngest lieutenant lying on the ground dead. . . . I was not hit . . . and I asked myself again, when will it finally come? . . . But towards midday the firing ceased—the skirmish was over. . . .

We had dismounted and I was crouching down by a milestone holding my head in my hands, staring before me, when the surgeon riding by called out to me:

"I say—why do you look like that?"

I answered quite mechanically, "I am doomed to die! . . ."

He stopped, dismounted, strode over to me and asked in a low voice, "Where is the shot?"—for he saw no blood—and I answered:

"Nowhere as yet." . . . which came out in rather a bewildered way, for I could hardly speak. He looked me keenly in the face, took hold of my pulse, then became very grave and said:

"H'm . . . Since when have you been feeling so ill, Herr Lieutenant?"

"For about a week. . . . and last night . . ." I broke off. He was not listening—but quickly unfastened my coat. My whole chest was covered with red spots. I had not seen this—and he said:

"Now we know what it is! What do you mean by running about the world with fully-developed typhus on you? Why the devil didn't you give notice that you were ill?"

"I did not observe it."

"Not even last night? Why, you must have been in a very high fever! Even now you have at least a hundred and four degrees. . . . Had you really no symptoms—no delirium—no consciousness of illness? That would be almost inconceivable. . . ."

I was silent. . . . The doctor called his hospital assistants, who packed me up and carried me off.

What happened after that evening I know not. And before I became again a man three months had passed by and the war was over.

It was a severe attack—and it brought me to the very brink of the grave. But, nevertheless—when I look back—I prefer this end to a terror than a terror without an end. . . .

HACK HAWKS.

IF it may be taken as admitted on all hands that eyess peregrines ought to be hacked and kept out at hack for as long as possible, there is no sort of agreement among the authorities as to the other kinds of hawks most commonly used in this country. Of these I ought, perhaps, to speak first of the short-winged varieties, for in their case no attempt is generally made now to indulge them with this preliminary holiday. Both goshawks, which occasionally come over from Germany or elsewhere when quite young, might very well be turned out in a suitable place if the prevailing fashion had so decreed; and sparrow-hawks, the nests of which can sometimes be procured by energetically making known for months before in every conceivable direction that a good price will be paid for them, could be accommodated, without any excessive difficulty, with an exercise-ground where they would come to no harm and be free from those temptations to misbehave themselves which are so easily found. One of the chief objections to hacking the short-winged hawks is afforded by those temptations, which present themselves in the shape of the young chickens and ducks and pheasant poults so abundant in all the more thickly-inhabited parts of the country at the time when the young hawks are first developing their taste for blood. Neither goshawks nor sparrow-hawks have any such scruples as their more aristocratic long-winged cousins feel about picking up a live victim from the ground; and if once any one of them has discovered how easy it is to take toll from the pheasant-rearing ground in the neighbourhood of the hen coops, it is all up with her as a candidate for honours in the hawking field. If, therefore, these eyesses are to be put out to hack at all, it should be in some solitary place, where there is not a farmyard or a game-keeper's house within anything like an easy range of flight. Even if the hawks are heavily belled, and the neighbouring farmers and keepers have been propitiated and warned, it is going too far to depend upon their forbearance when the temptation to hawk-murder is so great. There is, however, this also to be said upon the main question of hack or no hack—that the benefits to be derived by the eyess, goshawk or



A SPECTATOR IN THE HARVEST-FIELD.

sparrow-hawk are questioned, and questionable. Both species are endowed with an eminently practical turn of mind; and they do not very readily bestir themselves actively unless they imagine that something is to be gained by it. Consequently, they seldom seem to trouble themselves to fly fast or far except it is for the purpose of capturing some quarry, with the very matter-of-fact object of eating it when captured. And, of course, by the time this desire to kill for the purpose of feeding themselves by their own exertions is fairly developed it is about time for the falconer to "take them up." Accordingly the much more common practice now is, with both goshawks and sparrow-hawks, to give them what may be called a spurious and incomplete "indoor hack" in a loft or shed where they can take short flights whenever the spirit moves them to do so. The life is not very gay or amusing for the captives, and the work of keeping their domicile clean and well aired is not exactly light. But the eyesses seem to thrive upon this system. And they are not so likely to be afflicted with their worst enemy, the cramp, as they would if at large on a very wet or cold night. There is, of course, the danger that the unhacked eyess will be a "screamer." If that misfortune should occur, the offending hawk must be cast forth at once and at all hazards. The chance must be taken whether she is thereby cured or comes to grief by being shot or lost. Anything is better than to be saddled permanently with a confirmed screamer.

Next comes the case of the small long-winged hawks—hobbies, merlins and, perhaps one ought to add, kestrels. The latter may be regarded, in a sense, as the *corpus vile* upon which a beginner who is anxious to learn falconry may try his hand without going to any unnecessary expense. Eyess kestrels can almost always be got in June, and they can be hacked for several weeks without any sort of difficulty. No hawk in the world enjoys the hack-time more, or makes a more lively and picturesque addition to a park or the big garden of a country house. They can be taken up now and then, and carried and manned, and broken to the hood, and then put out again at hack. And they may have their board spread for them with viands



READY FOR THE EXPECTED REPAST.

until such time as, having learnt by degrees where and how to find mice for themselves, they come more and more seldom to the feeding-place, and then absent themselves altogether. As to hobbies, some considerable caution must be used, as will be shown by the following anecdote: Certain eyesses had been hacked in a barn, as it was not convenient to put them out until they could fly very passably. They were very full-fed, and came with some hesitation to the lures on which they were always regaled. Then, on a very fine morning, they were put out in a ruined cottage, and the lures were left garnished quite near to them. But these hawks never came to the lures at all. They established themselves in a neighbouring plantation, and there lived—apparently in complete contentment—for at least ten days afterwards. If, however, hobbies are put out quite early in their life, they can be left out for a fortnight or more if the board or the lures are always made attractive enough. The old falconers used to hack them quite commonly, and seem to have found that the little hawks, whenever they were lost in the field, might be counted upon to go back to the place where they had been hacked.

Should merlins be treated like peregrines, or like sparrow-hawks? Considering the great similarity in shape and make and courage and docility between them and the former, one would be inclined to say offhand that the question admitted of no doubt. Nor is it, in fact, conformable with reason that a bird which has never flown half a mile at a stretch for a fortnight or more after it was fully summed should be as good a performer on the wing as one which had been flying about at its pleasure during the whole of that time. Nevertheless, there are some undeniable facts which tend to throw quite a considerable doubt upon the theory that hack is indispensable for making a good eyess merlin. I remember having two very good ones which had been quite properly hacked by a competent falconer in Yorkshire. After they had been killing larks for a week or more, a friend who had also two eyesses, but had not hacked them at all, asked if I would enter these latter for him by using my merlins as "make-hawks." Accordingly, after dieting the newcomers a little, I did what he proposed. And within three or four days after they had been entered one of the unhacked hawks flew larks at least as well as the best of mine which had been three weeks out before being touched by any human hand! Within quite recent years a merlin has done marvellous execution among the larks on Salisbury Plain, although practically never hacked. If I remember right, the owner had put out one or two of a late-taken nest. But both of these immediately and entirely disappeared; and he had been so taken aback by the mishap that he would not let the other occupants of the nest out at all. And it was one of these latter which flew so admirably at the very best larks on the Plain! She was the only hawk I ever flew which was thoroughly ill-tempered and ill-behaved, and yet a mighty hunter when in pursuit of her quarry.



A BATH IN THE HACK-FIELD.

draws near. There must also, of course, be a bath ready every morning, and it should be of ample size, as more than one hawk will often get into it at a time. The merlin in the first illustration is watching with some suspicion the farm labourers who are carrying off the neighbouring stooks of early harvested wheat. The other illustrations represent scenes commonly occurring in the last days of hack before the hawks are taken up. In one a merlin is seen peering into the long grass where a small bird has hidden himself rather than stand the chance of a race in the open to some safer shelter; and in the others the trainer is recovering one of the more advanced pupils which has strayed a long way beyond the usual exercise-ground, and has either "put in" or actually killed a chance quarry after a flight on its own account, and must be immediately taken up and subjected to strict training.

E. B. MICHELL.

IN THE GARDEN.

ORNAMENTAL CRAB APPLES.

MUCH interest has been taken of late years in this beautiful class of trees. The finest of the numerous Crab Apples claim a double share of our attention, for, in addition to flowering well in spring, they bear large crops of highly coloured fruit in autumn. This fruit brightens up the garden, while it is also of use for culinary purposes, for very good jelly can be prepared from many of the Crabs. The best-known variety for this purpose is the Siberian Crab (*Pyrus baccata*). This is well known by reason of its round, red fruits, which are from $\frac{1}{2}$ in. to $\frac{3}{4}$ in. in diameter. When food for birds is plentiful the fruit of this is left alone, and trees laden with fruit have been seen at Christmas-time when the ground has been covered with snow. There are several kinds of Siberian Crabs, one with yellow fruit, one with large red and yellow fruit, called *macrocarpa*, and one with bright red, Cherry-shaped fruits (*cerasifera*). A near relative of *P. baccata* is *P. prunifolia*. Very little difference is noticeable in the flowers and leaves, but if the fruit is examined it will be found that the calyx remains and is very prominent on *P. prunifolia*, while on fruits of *P. baccata* it is absent, and a slight depression occurs at the apex. A yellow and a very bright red variety occur. The latter is sometimes called Fairy Crab and also *cerasiformis*. The fruit hangs thickly on the



CAUGHT OUT OF BOUNDS.

branches on long, slender stalks somewhat like Cherries. The Japanese *Pyrus Ringo* is remarkable for its load of orange-coloured fruits, which individually are barely $\frac{1}{2}$ in. in diameter, but are very conspicuous by reason of their profusion. *P. Scheideckeri*, which makes such a display in spring by reason of its large, semi-double flowers, is bright with orange-coloured fruits in autumn, while *P. Toringo* is also very showy. The Indian *P. sikkimensis* is not so showy as some, but is worth growing for its load of green and red fruits. The common European Crab Apple is responsible for many beautiful varieties, of which *astracanica*, from which the Red Astrachan Apple originated, *coccinea*, *dioica* and *rosea* are all good. Various hybrid and selected forms have been given varietal names, and many of these are very showy, the fruit being much larger than that of the type, while it is of a pleasantly acid flavour instead of bitter, as is so often the case with the wild Crabs. Some of the best are John Downie, which bears large clusters of bright red, handsome fruits; Dartmouth, yellow and red, almost as large as a Red Quarrenden Apple; Mammoth, with large yellow fruits; and Transcendent, with highly coloured golden and red fruits. A new Crab called The Langley was introduced a few years ago. The fruits are about 2 in. long by 1 in. in diameter, golden yellow with red markings. They are sweet and juicy and hang until late autumn. Its parentage is given as John Downie Crab crossed with King of the Pippins Apple. A new Crab of distinct merit was introduced a few years ago under the formidable name of *Pyrus niedzwetzkyana*. It is a native of the Caucasus, and is probably a distinct variety of *P. Malus* rather than a good species, for about one out of every five plants only comes true from seeds. Its peculiarity centres in the curious reddish shade of the flowers, the dark red fruits which the colour permeates to the core, and the peculiar manner in which the branches and roots are found to be stained with the same colour, when dissected, in much the same manner as the wood of the Purple Beech. *Pyrus spectabilis*, the double-flowered form of which is so beautiful in spring, does not produce showy fruit, but the leaves turn to a bright orange scarlet shade previous to falling. *P. floribunda*, on the other hand, has only its flowers to commend it, for the fruit is particularly showy and there are many things that have richer-coloured leaves during autumn. All these Crabs



HACK HAWKS: AFTER A FLIGHT ON HER OWN ACCOUNT.

A fair flower is the Cornflower (*Centaurea Cyanus*), and the "common" type, if one may use so harsh a word for so exquisite an annual, should be chosen. This is blue, graceful in growth, and without the mawkish colour of the pink and white varieties. It is needless almost to write of the cultivation of the Cornflower. Simply sow the seed thinly outdoors where the plants are to bloom, and reduce the number of seedlings if they are overcrowded. There is nothing gained by a forest of plants all striving for supremacy. *Nemophila insignis* must not be forgotten. As the time for bulb-planting has come, a few cheap and beautiful kinds with shades of blue in their flowers may be mentioned; they are the blue Windflower (*Anemone apennina*), the variety of the Wood Windflower (*A. robinsoniana*), the Glory of the Snow (*Chionodoxa Lucilix*) and the deeper-coloured *C. sardensis*, *Hepaticas*, *Irises*, especially the deliciously scented *I. reticulata*, fragrant as the wayside Violet and of the same colour, the little early-blooming *Hyacinthus amethystinus*, *Muscari*, or Grape Hyacinths (*M. conicum* in particular), the colour deep blue and the scent that of the Violet, and *Scillas*, *S. sibirica* and others, which are among the earliest of all bulbs to open their dainty little petals to the still wintry sun. Of tender plants, *Salvia patens* is the most charming, for its pure blue flowers are borne on long, slender stems. A mass of this is a floral delight, and I notice with pleasure its free use in London parks and gardens. The roots should be lifted when severe frost is anticipated and stored in sand in a dry, cool place where frost does not enter. The following plants have also blue flowers: The China Aster (*Callistephus hortensis*), the handsome parent of the Asters of annual duration; *Campanulas*, of which I shall write at length in future notes; *Clematis*, among climbing plants; *Delphiniums* in rich variety such as one sees in Messrs. Kelway and Son's nurseries at Langport in Somerset; *Globe Thistles* (*Echinops*), *Sea Hollies* (*Eryngium*), the *Gentians*, the intensely blue *Gromwell* (*Lithospermum prostratum*), the sweet little *Forget-me-nots*, the *Passion Flower*, *Plumbago* *Larpetze*, a deep blue rock plant that suffers undeserved neglect; the *Virginian Spiderwort* (*Tradescantia virginica*), *Pansies* in plenty, and the rampant *Periwinkles* (*Vinca*), which have lovely blue flowers. The growth may be straggling and vigorous, but for tumbling over a rough bank or tree stump the *Vincas* have a value that gardeners seem slow to appreciate. C.

AN INTERESTING NEW HARDY SHRUB.

Owing to the ever-increasing demand for rubber, any shrub or tree that contains this substance and which can be grown outdoors in this country may be regarded as of more than ordinary interest, even though its caoutchouc properties cannot be put to practical use. In the shrub known to botanists as *Encommia ulmoides*, and which is a native of Western China



"WHERE IS THAT MILK-LIVERED QUARRY?"

are suitable for gardens in the neighbourhood of towns, for they thrive almost anywhere, while they stand a bad atmosphere fairly well. W. D.

BLUE FLOWERS.

AMONG annual flowers occur a few kinds of lustrous blue, and the most important of these is called *Phacelia campanularia*. It is, fortunately, a plant that delights in a very warm position and light soil; its height—

and new to this country, we have a quick-growing hardy plant, in the tissues of which is found rubber in a raw state; but whether this will prove of commercial value or not has yet to be decided. In any case, the plant is well worth growing where rare and interesting shrubs are appreciated. It loses its leaves during the winter, but in the summer reminds one somewhat of a bushy Elm, or rather one that has been cut back nearly to the ground-level and allowed to branch at will. The leaves, however, are more acutely pointed than those of the Elm. If a leaf is pulled gently in two the rubber can easily be seen stretching from one portion to the other in delicate, silk-like threads. Apparently this shrub will thrive in any good garden soil, and once planted needs very little attention.

H.

THE SHRUBBY HIBISCUS.

The present season has been an ideal one for the Hibiscus, as no plants resent drought more, and in a dry year copious supplies of water are necessary for their welfare. Frequently known and catalogued under the

name of *Althæa frutex*, these plants and the many improved varieties of the species (*Hibiscus syriacus*) are well worthy of extended culture. The very name would suggest that these are brilliant flowering subjects, and at this season of the year they are particularly enjoyable and are ideal subjects for planting freely in shrubberies and borders. The flowers, which vary in size, are from 2 in. to 3 in. in diameter, and the various varieties embrace almost every colour from white to purple and blue. These are freely produced, and all are easily grown. I append a list of a few varieties which are well worth growing: *H. syriacus totus albus*, as its name implies, is a single white variety. *Creleste* is a charming variety, the flowers gorgeous blue, with a reddish purple blotch at the base of the petals. *Monstroza* possesses flowers of a flesh white colour, beautifully marked with crimson spots at the base of the petals. *Rubis* is another single variety, with charming carmine-coloured flowers. *Rubra plena* has double red flowers; and *Lady Stanley* is also another excellent double variety. Others could be enumerated, but many of them can be obtained as standards or bushes.

E. B.

CHANGES IN THE VILLAGE.

DURING the course of a recent tour in the South of France, the writer could not help at times imagining that he was traversing the English fields of fifty years ago. The harvest was almost over, though here and there carting was still in progress. On the bare stubble, gleaners, very poor-looking old women, were busily at work, accompanied by a few children. In the well-known gleaners' lullaby, the singer says:

When I am weary and old and worn,
You shall go gleanng among the corn.

But the weary and old and worn seemed still to be engaged in their lowly task. There were plots of vineyards and other crops that one does not see in England; but, still, the cottages with their home-made hen-coops, the farm-places with their stackyards, even the ploughmen who were beginning their autumn work, suggested an era that has passed away from England. In the Home Counties—and what is true of them holds still more with regard to the distant shires—the villagers have given up most of their old habits. It is seldom indeed that one can see a band of gleaners gathering the ears of corn into "dollies," as they were called in the North of England. Instead the keen and vigilant farmer of to-day carts his poultry out to the stubbles and turns the blown corn into succulent chicken. The ducks and the geese with the barnyard fowls are the gleaners of to-day. In the market towns of France it was amusing to see how the ubiquitous old women, who seem to do nine-tenths of the work of the country-side, brought in from the hill and farmland the blackberries and other fruits they had gathered in the open, to expose them for sale in the streets. Even the bitter crab apple was not neglected, and it seemed as though the nearer one got to the Pyrenees the harder was the struggle for existence, so that everything that the earth produced spontaneously was taken to market and turned into money, or, if that was not possible, was eaten. That used to be the case with rural England. In remote and distant villages one still occasionally comes across an old-fashioned rustic who preserves the lore handed down from his thrifty forefathers. In a Northamptonshire hamlet there lives an old man who annually makes a supply of the most delightful elderberry wine conceivable. He has been in the habit of doing so from early manhood, and possesses some that to its original merit adds the further grace of old age. It drinks very much like old port, and, taken with a little hot water, is considered a sovereign remedy for colds. This and similar practices were prevalent throughout rural Britain before the period of better wages and general cheapness had set in. In old recipe-books there are still to be found directions for

converting nearly all sorts of wild fruits and even flowers into comestibles. The crab apples that are now allowed to fall and rot on the ground were once carefully gathered and made into a jelly that was brought out as a delicacy on high days and holidays, or, when mixed with blackberries, formed the material for puddings and pies during the dismal months when the garden was empty of vegetables and the carefully-stored produce was waxing small.

But there are still deeper changes going on in the village; and here again France seems to show what was the state of things that existed here half a century ago. The peasant women in the country north of Bordeaux spend a great deal of their time using the needle, the knitting-needle and even the spinning-wheel. Among the bundle which they carry to market, mostly on their heads, are children's clothes, made, and we may add made very tastefully, in the lonely hillside cottages; lace and shawls are worked also in the same places. But such things have become rare indeed in the English village, although here and there it is surprising to find a servant girl, who apparently has come from a home of the utmost poverty, and yet possesses garments hand-made, and evidently handed down from a previous generation. The women of an earlier day found time to make for themselves garments which were infinitely better than the cheap substitutes now bought so easily at the stores of the nearest town. And yet how hard they had to work. Many had to supplement the poor wages earned by the menfolk by doing a certain amount of labour in the field themselves, and at home



W. A. J. Henster. ACROSS THE COMMON.

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there were few of the labour-saving appliances which now they accept as part of the necessities of life. For one thing, the woman had generally to carry her own water to the house, and as often as not it came from a considerable distance; a mile or even two miles was not extraordinary. It took a vast amount of time, because the quantity carried on each journey could not possibly be large. To take another form of labour; it was considered a reproach to the good housewife if she should use bought bread in her cottage, and so one day a week had to be devoted to baking. Here and there a village woman will still keep up this practice; and a fine sight it is to see her batch of loaves on Friday, which are much more nutritious than the extremely white but less wholesome bread made by the baker. Washing she had to do as well, though we do not know of any time when it was performed as it is in Southern France, where streams of water run in the gutters past the cottages, and the woman comes out and either washes her clothes or prepares her vegetables by the running stream. It is a primitive habit, but by no means an objectionable one. The nearest approach to it that we know of is



F. M. Sutcliffe.

GAFFER AND GAMMER.

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in Scotland, where the shepherd-girls still occasionally do what their grandmothers did regularly, jumping into the pool and performing with their feet and legs the operation which we now see done by the washing-machine. In many, probably the majority, of the villages of to-day there is a regular water supply, and on one estate to which we recently paid a visit each cottage was actually supplied with a bath and hot water. The last two are luxuries, no doubt, but water in the house, or at any rate in a tap just outside it, has come to be an ordinary adjunct to the cottage. Women now refuse to do field work, to feed pigs or perform laborious tasks, yet it is curious that they have less time than ever for needlework.

A still more important change is coming over the young men. A few years ago the cry was loudly raised that they were leaving the villages altogether; but during the bad times for business, from which we seem to be emerging, the scarcity of rural labour has altogether disappeared. No difficulty is experienced in finding regular hands for the farms, while the new small holdings are undoubtedly attracting, or, rather, keeping in the country, an extremely desirable class of men. But the characteristics of the boys are changing altogether. This is in a measure due to the alteration in their amusements and education. It was the objection made to the country lad a quarter of a century ago that he did not amuse himself sufficiently, and curates of the conscientious type used to torment their brains to find means of rousing him from his torpor. But in those days, although thousands of cricket clubs were started, they nearly always proved failures, and in the winter the evening classes and other opportunities of self-improvement were consistently neglected. Since then a more intelligent effort has been made to deal with the young people of the villages. It has been felt by many in positions of authority that the lads' own inclinations must be studied, and any help proffered to them must begin by being attractive in itself. With this end in view a number of village clubs have been started, where the members are encouraged to indulge in all kinds of manly

exercises. Most of them have a cricket club attached, and for the winter there are wrestling, boxing and the use of a gymnasium. For those who do not yearn for physical exercises only there are usually provided games of various sorts, such as billiards, bagatelle, dominoes, chess, draughts and cards. Unfortunately, it is the last which has won most favour. The fashion of the whist-drive has permeated even to the humblest inhabitants of the village; and perhaps it is a means of civilisation that the young men in many instances have been encouraged to bring their sisters and sweethearts with them to these meetings. Whether a love of card-playing is a good thing for a country boy it is not for us to ask; but speaking from entirely personal experience, we say unhesitatingly that it is by far the most popular pastime. The experience of the club is that the game of billiards sooner or later falls into the hands of five or six men who develop a liking for it, and they practically monopolise

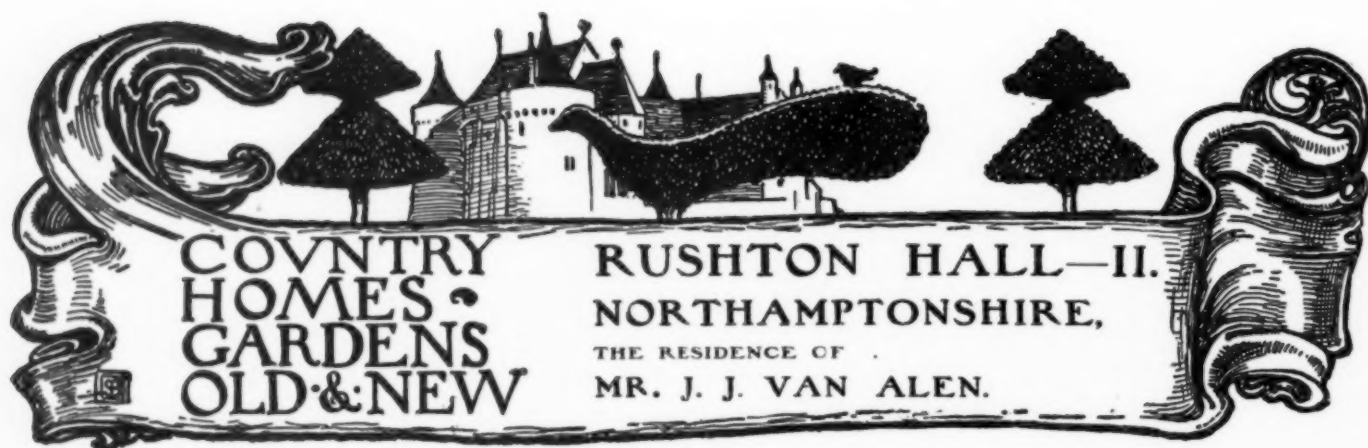
the table every night. An excellent system is adopted by which each set of players has its allotted time, but then it comes to be a round of the three or four pairs who actually play. Bagatelle is favoured by the youths and, being a game that can be played in a way without much learning, is more popular than billiards. Boxes of chessmen are never opened except by some visitor who wishes to encourage the game. Draughts and dominoes are decidedly popular, but not nearly so much so as cards. It is obvious that men and manners in our villages are changing, and in more ways than one. The songs of the music-hall and the fashions of the streets have long been familiar in Arcady and have completely ousted the folk-songs that were once so popular, while country manners and customs have left it. *Patois*, too, is fast disappearing under the influence of the schoolmaster. If, for instance, the characters in Thomas Hardy's "Far from the Madding Crowd" were placed side by side with those who fill their shoes to-day, the difference would be as great as that between Touchstone and the shepherds whom he encountered in the Forest of Arden.



W. Booth.

OLD BUT UNCHANGED.

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It is of Cokaynes rather than of Treshams that we are reminded when we approach Rushton, for the bay windows, the gable ends and the connecting screen of the later owners occupy most of the eastern front by which we enter. The centre of the screen slightly projects and is set with four fluted pilasters. The outer spaces thus formed have niches holding statues, while the centre one is occupied by the arched doorway. This was a classic form much in vogue under Charles I., when Inigo Jones adopted it for his Winchester Cathedral screen. The great doors, with their radiating upper portion, open into a broad gallery connecting the north and south wings of the house. Turning to the left on entering we reach the southern corridor, out of which open several of the sitting-rooms, and which ends with the arched doorway of the hall. The structure of the hall and its roof are of fifteenth century type and point to the time when John Tresham became prosperous after Bosworth field. The openwork panels above the brackets of the hammer-beam roof have the Tudor rose in their centres and retain the Gothic spirit. It is true that English master carpenters clung to this late mediæval form throughout the sixteenth century; but the detail of Rushton is much earlier than at Wiston in Sussex, erected in Elizabeth's

day, and therefore it is before the time of Sir Thomas the Builder. The fittings of the hall, its panelling, its tapestries, its mantel-piece, are, like its furniture, recent introductions of a fine kind. Despite its presenting the arms of the Treshams and of the Cokaynes, the mantel-piece is a new creation, and the heraldry is introduced not to mark present proprietorship but ancient associations. Of features which can with certainty be set down as the work of Sir Thomas the Builder, the interior offers few. Mr. Alfred Gotch commits himself to two only—the representation of the Crucifixion, worked in composition in high relief on the east wall of the oratory, and the oak mantel-piece in the library, of which an illustration is given. It is among the more delicately wrought of its time. There is none of the customary English barbarity in the modelling of the caryatides. They imply a knowledge of anatomy on the part of the carver, just as the disposition of the swags and masks and cartouches implies a knowledge of design. It has likeness to the excellent series of mantel-pieces at Sizergh Castle in Westmorland, where dates on the woodwork show that the first seventeen years of Elizabeth's reign were employed by the owner and his highly skilled craftsmen on its production. There the upper panels of the mantel-pieces are far more



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THE GREAT HALL

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE STAIRCASE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

elaborate than at Rushton, the heraldry being surrounded with the richest scrollwork in the Italian manner. The Rushton example, though refined, is quite English in treatment, the crested helms and their mantling alone sharing the panels with the coats of arms. On the left, the Tresham trefoiled saltire stands alone; on the right it is the first of eighteen quarterings, many of which are derived through his grandmother, Anne Parr. This achievement represented his favourite selection, and appears also in a corner of his portrait that hangs at Boughton, another of the ancient Northamptonshire seats which have recently been illustrated in *COUNTRY LIFE*. It is the heraldry alone which enables us to assign the mantel-piece to Sir Thomas, for the style of it continued to be in vogue even in the earlier years of Charles I.'s reign, and therefore it might, like the staircase, have been a Cokayne addition. The dining-room mantel-piece at Blickling in Norfolk is still in the same manner as that in the Rushton library, although it is dated 1627. That is the

date on the central gable of the Rushton courtyard and must represent the time when the staircase was inserted, and the staircase also resembles that at Blickling. The staircases, however, unlike the mantel-pieces, are contemporary, for Sir John Hobart bought the estate and began building the house at Blickling only three years before Sir William Cokayne became master of Rushton. To him or to his son, who succeeded him in 1626, the Rushton staircase hall is undoubtedly due. Its doorways and arcading closely resemble the work of the parapets and of the eastern screen, and also the interior work of the south corridor. On a newel of the stair and in the elaborate pendant of the plaster ceiling we find Cokayne heraldry. Chanticleer sings aloud as he stands on the newel-post that faces the magnificent stone door-frame with strapwork pilasters on the half-landing, and four cocks' heads are grouped as the lowest motif of the pendant. It is in the shape both of the balusters and of the newel-posts that the Blickling and Rushton staircases



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WEST END OF THE GREAT HALL.

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EAST END OF THE GREAT HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

exactly coincide. In the scheme of carving and of finials they differ. At Blickling the newel-posts are, as at Aldermaston, surmounted by a set of statues; at Rushton the finials are heraldic, as at Hatfield and Temple Newsam. As regards the ceiling, the plaster-work is in the late strapwork fashion without panel ribs, while the pendant resembles another Northamptonshire example, that in the Canons Ashby drawing-room. In both cases the central pendentive is flanked by four curved caryatides, and these at Rushton take the shape of mermaids blowing horns. The Canons Ashby drawing-room appears to have been decorated by Sir John Dryden not earlier than 1632. The plaster-work at that house and at Rushton must therefore be contemporaneous, and very likely the output of the same craftsmen. The dates 1630 and 1635, as well as 1626 and 1627, appear on the Rushton gables, so that the work was long in hand. Charles Cokayne was twenty-four years of age when he succeeded his father in 1626. Soon after he had finished the work at

Rushton evil times fell on him. He was an ardent Cavalier and raised a troop of horse for King Charles, who at Oxford in 1642 created him Viscount Cullen in the peerage of Ireland. The title does not seem to have been recognised by Parliament, for it is as "Sir Charles Cokayne" that he is fined £7,515 for delinquency. This was only part of the loss his loyalty cost him, the full sum of which he set down at £50,000, and as a result of it he had to sell the manor of Combe Nevill where his father had lived and died. By way of compensation he betrothed his son to a great heiress in 1652. Elizabeth Trentham was then only in her twelfth year, and after the betrothal young Bryan Cokayne was sent to complete his education on the Continent and thus await the time when the nuptials might be celebrated. Tradition places this ceremony at Rushton and makes the hall the scene of a most disturbing incident. We are told that during his travels he captured the heart of a "beautiful Italian lady," whom the story does not hesitate to call a Princess. This lady,

hearing of the approaching marriage, determined on revenge, and planned her *coup* so well that she was able to time her arrival from Italy to Rushton on the wedding day. Her coach and six dropped her at the door at the moment when bride, bridegroom and guests were banqueting in the hall. She burst in, and "after seizing a gold chalice off the table as if to drink the health of the newly-married pair, drank to their endless misery,

uncharitable wishes—surely the bride was offended against rather than offending—came true, "the marriage was a very unhappy one"; the husband was dissipated and the wife extravagant. He mortgaged his estates and she sold hers. Fortunately, after his death in 1687 there were two long minorities before his great-grandson, the fifth Lord Cullen, came of age in 1731. He had inherited the title fifteen years before



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THE OLD ORIEL IN THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and dashing the cup to the ground to give more emphasis to her imprecations, knelt down, and solemnly invoked the vengeance of heaven on the bridegroom for his treachery, and pouring out horrid curses against the bride prophesied that she would live in wretchedness and die in want." That done, "she returned to her own country." It must not, however, be thought that she had travelled far to little purpose. Her somewhat

that, and as he lived till 1802 he enjoyed eighty-six years of the viscountcy. A great-uncle's prudent management had restored prosperity to the estate, and its owner, during his long life, was able to take a leading part in the sports and pastimes of the Midlands, for he was a keen rider, and at least one of his horses, "The Cullen Arabian," earned great fame as a sire in the middle years of the eighteenth century. The stable rather than the

study seems to have attracted him, at least in his younger years, for Mr. Cole, the Cambridge antiquary, tells us: "This Lord Cullen was my schoolfellow at Eton, where he promised from a boy in his buckskin breeches to be such a kind of man as he actually turned out, keeping no other company of any sort but dogs, horses, and his own grooms and stable boys." Mr. Cole even avers that his "drunkenness and strange way of life" led to his rejection as a husband by a sister of a bishop. This must have been a serious step for the lady to take, for though she was "a pretty sort of woman," suitors might be put off by the detail that her teeth were "black and rotten." Two other ladies, in the course of his lengthy career, did not share Miss Jackson's punctilio, and his lordship grew out of his bad habits. He drank neither wine, beer, nor any spirituous liquors during the last forty years of his life, and at his death the *Gentleman's Magazine* was able to declare that he had reached his great age "in the enjoyment of an uninterupted state of good health, of excellent abilities and of a very cheerful mind, to which he united the inestimable virtues of true benevolence and unbounded generosity."

Unfortunately for Rushton, he seems at the age of seventy-five to have turned away from the company of his grooms and stable-boys and taken to that of the arbiters of taste of the time. Until 1785 the eastern screen of the quadrangle had opened on to a great outer court, the south side of which was occupied by the Church of St. Peter, rich in Tresham and Cokayne monuments, while to the north lay a range of offices and on the other side were great gates and railings. All this was too "Gothic" for the classic architects and landscape gardeners of the day, and the whole was swept away and replaced by a "serpentine drive." The chief mover in this "improvement" is said to have been Lord Cullen's second son, William. "At the same time he cut down the hornbeam hedges, said to have been the highest in England, which had been planted in 'the Wilderness' at Rushton by Sir William Cokayne in the form of a great cross, each quarter being laid out in bowers, labyrinths, etc." If this is correct, the Rushton garden must have been almost contemporary with that of Solomon de Caux at Wilton, for long so celebrated, and of which contemporary engravings survive. Rushton was merely sharing the fate of hundreds of fine places at that time. Happily, if much that was historic and delightful was destroyed, some really good work was added, for two of the accompanying illustrations show that Rushton has fine examples of the taste which prevailed during the latter period of the fifth Viscount's life, when Robert Adam was the most fashionable designer. When next the "improver" came, an equal love of introducing new features was not accompanied by an equally refined and praiseworthy taste. The sixth and last Lord Cullen died in 1810, and eighteen years later his nieces and co-heirs sold Rushton to Mr. Hope of Amsterdam. Here is a sharp, short and decisive relation of his treatment of the house: "Mr. Hope, though seldom residing there, made great alterations, destroying the beautiful pendant ceilings of the upper drawing-rooms, painting the old oak staircase, etc., for the purpose of fitting up the house in the French fashion, which he did at a great expense and in a very sumptuous manner." Among many of the Jacobean features which were swept away were the stone screen in the manner of

the one at Coker Court illustrated in *COUNTRY LIFE* on January 2nd, but with three arched openings instead of two, and statues of Charity and of the three cardinal virtues on the top. The first floor of the north wing had been designed as a gallery 125ft. long, a more important example even than that at Apethorpe. But damage done by a fire in 1836 gave an excuse for destroying its oak wainscoting and converting it into small rooms. The last operations of this ownership must be those recorded by the date 1848 on the south front, for in 1854 the estate was purchased by the trustees of Miss Clara Thornhill. She was then a ward in Chancery, and the following year, being still under age, she married Mr. Clarke of Swakeleys, a Middlesex house erected at the time when the Cokaynes were still at work on Rushton.



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PART OF SOUTH CORRIDOR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The owner of Swakeleys added to his name that of the new proprietress of Rushton, and their son, Mr. Clarke-Thornhill, is the present possessor of both these historic houses, of which the more southern one will appear in these pages next week. Mr. Clarke-Thornhill, a diplomatist and a traveller, has not resided at either of his seats for some time, and Mr. Van Alen is now installed at Rushton. This citizen of America has long loved and studied the products of former generations of Englishmen in the field of the decorative arts. He has caused an exact reproduction of Wakehurst, the old Sussex home of the Culpepers, to be erected as his home in the States. He is now devoting his cultured taste, assisted by the professional advice of Mr. Jackson and of Mr. Gotch, to a careful



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MARBLE AND STEEL IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

NORTH-WEST CORNER OF DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



COUNTRY LIFE.

THE OAK BED-CHAMBER.

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nurturing of the old home of the Treshams and Cokaynes. The Franco-Victorian "sumptuousness" of eighty years ago has gone. Full value has been given not merely to the ancient fabric and to many exterior and interior features dating from the days of Tudors and Stewarts, but also to the worthy introductions of Georgian times. In place of the nineteenth century stuff which has been removed much has been added in sympathy with the original work. Some of this is new and some old. The hall mantel-piece has already been alluded to as falling into the former category. The wainscoting of the

and not the plane, has been the finishing tool. The very bulbous-posted oak four-post bedstead which appears in the illustration might be that in which Sir Thomas slept his uneasy sleep, ever apprehensive that his Jesuit friends might be bringing down upon him the sheriff's midnight visit. The walnut chairs and day-bed, on the other hand, recall the post-Restoration time of the second Lord Cullen, whose rich and extravagant wife must certainly have re-furnished in the latest mode. Without doubt, houses like neighbouring Boughton, that have had the great and unusual good fortune of retaining their ancient fittings and furniture, take the first place in our hearts and heads; but a noble structure like Rushton, which still carries so much of its history on its face, and which, in respect of its reparations and of its appointments, has been treated with informed sympathy, appeals almost equally to our interest and to our admiration. T.



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IN THE ADAM BED-CHAMBER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

dining-room is of that linen-fold type with which men lined their rooms in the days of John Tresham and of his son the Grand Prior, to one or other of whom the more ancient parts of the fabric, such as the hall, have been attributed. On the other hand, a bedroom has been panelled in the manner in which it would have been treated by Sir Thomas, the builder. This panelling, though quite plain, is a delightful survival of the Elizabethan age. The beautiful figuring of the oak implies that it was got from pollarded trees, and the surface, full of texture and of light and shade, proves that the adze,

and with as much serenity as when the seas are at their smoothest, and at these times the magnificence of their flight is seen to the greatest advantage. Solan geese find their prey chiefly among the surface-frequenting fish, such as herrings, sprats, pilchards and anchovies; and their diving feats, undertaken often from a great height, are wonderful to watch. The Stack, a lonely rock, 140ft. high, projecting from the sea near Sule Skerry, a small surf-worn islet thirty miles west of Hoy Head, is a favourite resort of these great birds. Here during the spring and summer months they take sole possession, allowing no other fowl to share their nesting-places; their numbers are immense, and the Stack is then chalk-white with their droppings. In some parts of Scotland the young of the solan geese are still used as food, and even from

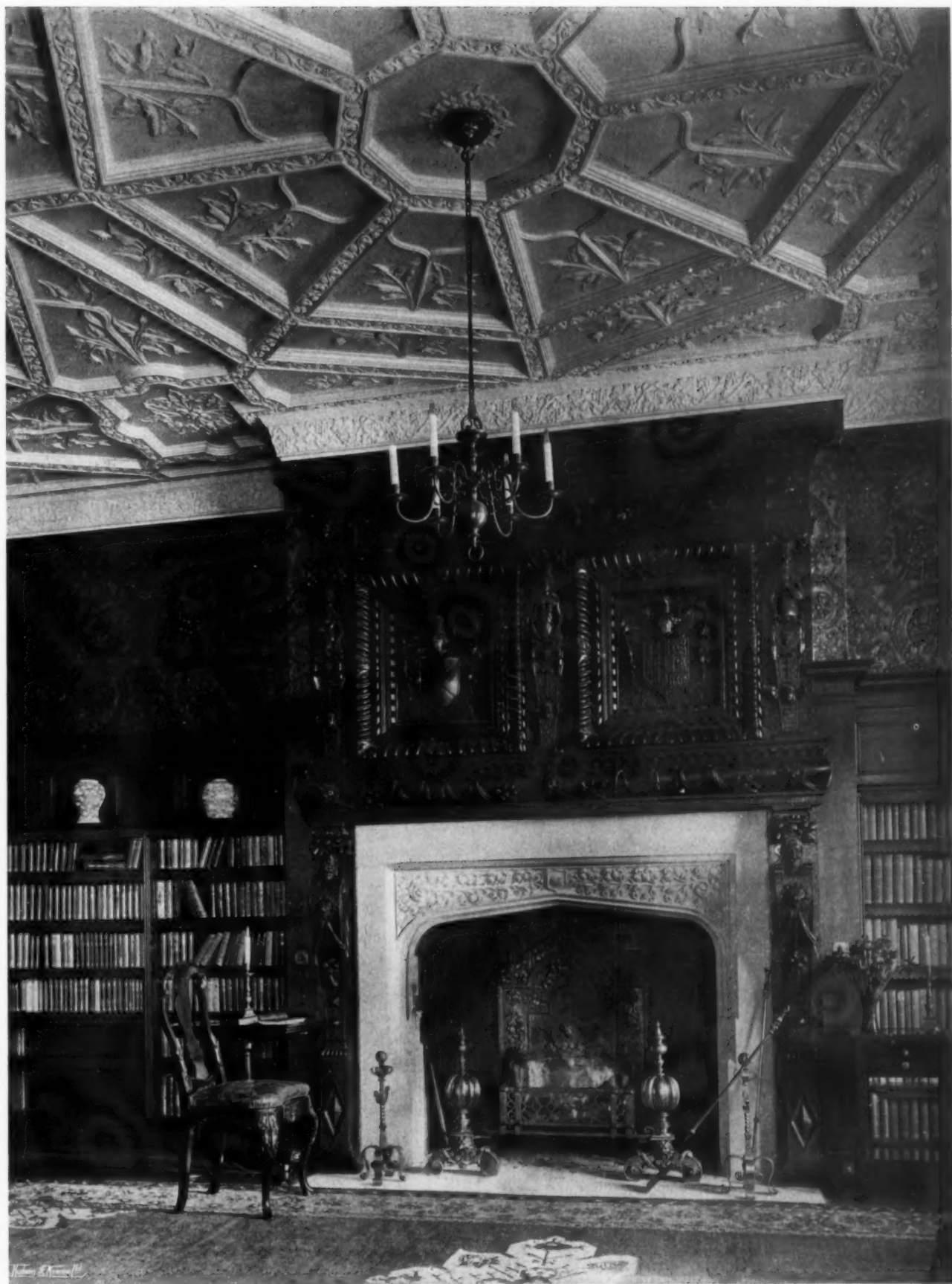
WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

NATURE IN ORKNEY.

THE Orkneys are a far trek North, yet the wild life of these windswept islands and of the stormy seas around them is so interesting as to repay amply the minor troubles of a journey thither. I was staying recently with friends on the mainland of Orkney, for shooting and fishing, and had many opportunities of observing Nature in and around these little-frequented islands. Even during the four and a-half hours' crossing from Scrabster (Thurso) to Stromness, touching at the island of South Ronaldshay and calling at Scapa (for Kirkwall), a good many interesting birds are to be noted. Among these were the neat Manx shearwaters, members of a notable group of birds which always seem to me more truly at home upon a wild sea than almost any other oceanic bird. Richardson's or the Arctic skua is another pelagic bird constantly to be seen in these northern waters, almost invariably harrying some of the gulls, which it deprives of their well-earned food. These robbers must be cordially detested by the other sea-birds, from which they wrest forcibly much of their food supply. Many of the rarer sea ducks—including eider and long-tailed duck—are to be seen also in these waters, and here, during something like eight seasons, Mr. J. G. Millais, author of that charming book, "The Wildfowler in Scotland," and other works, made an unrivalled collection of these and other water-fowl.

SOLAN GESE.

Gannets, better known in the North as solan geese, are seen, plentifully about the Pentland Firth and the seas surrounding the Orkneys during eight or ten months in the year. They are as much at home upon the ocean as are the shearwaters, and they seem to me to revel in the wildest weather to be seen in the North Atlantic. During the fiercest storms in the Bay of Biscay and other disturbed regions they pursue their fishing career as easily



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IN THE LIBRARY: RUSHTON HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the Hebrides boats occasionally visit the Stack in August for the purpose of collecting the young birds. Sometimes in these rough seas it is found impossible to land, and the hardy boatmen, after various attempts, have, perforce, to beat a retreat without securing their booty. The gannets quit the Orkneys in late autumn and migrate further South, pursuing their prey as far as the coast of North-West Africa, the Canaries, Madeira and even as far West as the Gulf of Mexico. Curiously enough, they are not common in the Mediterranean and do not appear to penetrate far into that sea.

THE PEREGRINE IN ORKNEY.

These falcons, which were formerly abundant in these islands, are not nowadays so much in evidence, the reason being, no doubt, that as the grouse moors have become more valuable the hawks and falcons have been shot off. Hoy was not long since a great resort of these birds; but at the present time, owing to the stricter preservation of game upon that island, their numbers have much diminished. Still, the gunner or fisherman in Orkney may reckon upon seeing these grand raptors at not infrequent intervals. I was trouting one day early in September, on Loch Stenness, and saw a peregrine stoop at a teal; the latter was, luckily for herself, not taken unawares, and neatly dodged the falcon's swoop, and the peregrine, apparently giving up the chase in disgust, went to the shore and sat within 60 yds. of us preening her

farmhouse at Stenness. The aperture through which it made its way was not a very large one, yet the harrier boldly followed, although people were standing near, killed its prey and found itself imprisoned. In this particular case it was allowed to make its escape.

CLEVER STARLINGS.

Here is a curious instance of the baffling of a peregrine witnessed by two friends of mine last summer near Loch Stenness, on the Orkney mainland. They were engaged in fishing, and saw a number of starlings sitting on a fence close to a grazing horse. Suddenly a peregrine made its appearance above them. Upon the instant the starlings quitted their perch, flung themselves into a bunch and settled on the ground in a feathered mass under the belly of the horse. The falcon, met by such totally unexpected tactics, was completely defeated and, soaring off, betook itself to some other hunting-ground. This singular incident, related to me by two absolutely reliable witnesses, seems to me to furnish striking testimony to the presence of mind and quick-wittedness of the starling. It was a marvellous impulse, surely, that drove these birds to bunch together literally in the twinkling of an eye and seek a common shelter beneath the grazing horse. I have always looked upon the starling as a humorous and a clever bird, but once receiving this proof of his smartness, my respect for him has gained appreciably. I doubt



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RUSHTON HALL: THE STAIRCASE LANDING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

feathers. When sharp set, a peregrine will occasionally chase even such small deer as redshanks, which are always to be seen about the shores of the loch. Redshanks understand the perilous game quite well, and, being pretty wide awake creatures, give the peregrine an infinity of trouble and not seldom get away unhurt. But these falcons have a peculiar method of circumventing these waders, in which they display great perseverance. The redshanks' game is to keep low; the peregrines' to get their quarry well up in the air and so make their stoop. To effect this they may be seen chasing a redshank persistently, flying low and seeking always to push their prey upward and away from the surface of the loch. This they do with infinite patience and address, and the unfortunate redshank being at length driven to the upper air, the peregrine instantly mounts, and before her prey can find safety again makes her stoop and usually secures her victim.

HEN-HARRIERS.

These interesting birds still nest in Orkney and are occasionally in evidence. In the last twenty years their numbers have been diminished by the guns of keepers and the assaults of egg-collectors, who come thus far North and harry their nests in spring. These latter gentry, who have done so much to reduce the stock of the rarer birds in the Orkneys and Shetlands, are now, I am glad to say, to be much more carefully looked after, and their depredations will no longer continue unchecked, as heretofore. When hungry and in pursuit of their prey, these raptors become as oblivious of their surroundings as do most of their kith and kin. Not long before my arrival, a dunlin, chased by a hen-harrier, fled into an outbuilding adjoining a

if even a flock of such sharp-witted birds as sparrows could have thus instantly bethought themselves of such a method of escaping sudden death.

THE LITTLE BITTERN.

Just before my arrival in Orkney, a little bittern, which is distinctly a rare bird in these Northern regions, made its appearance on the main island not far from Stromness. The poor creature was foolish enough—or ill enough—to hang about the Bridge of Waithe, where the tidal water flows into Stenness Loch, for some days, and was finally knocked over with a stick by a passer-by. Little bitterns are seen in Britain much less often than are their big cousins the common bitterns, and their occurrence in the Orkades seem to have been very rare; in fact, I could not meet with a resident who had ever seen one. However, the species has been classed by the late Mr. Howard Saunders as an irregular visitant to the Orkneys and Shetlands, so that, evidently, although little known to farmers, gillies and boatmen on the mainland, its appearance is not unprecedented. The little bittern is comparatively a small bird, measuring no more than about 13 in., rather less than half the size of the common species. It bred generations ago in the Fen country, and until comparatively recent years in the Norfolk Broad district. It has a wide habitat over most of Europe, but quits even the Mediterranean countries on the approach of winter, betaking itself to North Africa, the Canaries and even the Azores. It is found also in Asia, from the Caspian to Kashmir, Sind and Northern India. The little bittern is of curious habit, standing motionless for long periods, with bill pointed upwards, its plumage blending wonderfully with its surroundings, and is found

skulking in reed-beds and among osiers and water plants. It trusts so much to its protective coloration and power of assimilation as to allow itself to be readily seized. On the arrival in Orkney of the specimen I have recorded, the unfortunate bird was probably weak from a long and stormy flight; and,

finding no covert at hand suitable to its habits, fell a victim to native curiosity in the usual manner. The bird has been set up, and is now in the possession of Mr. R. Scarth of Binscarth, near Finstown, Orkney. In another article I hope to put down some further impressions of bird-life in Orkney. H. A. E.

A LAST RHYME OF SUMMER, 1909.

Who found the Pole?—The thoughtless may still formulate the query,
The fatuous still crack their jokes about Etukishuk,
And oscillate between your rival claims, Commander Peary,
And Dr. Cook;
But we, approaching winter (save the mark!)
Have just located Truth's immortal spark.

What grounds had either of you, pray, for confident assumption
That you would prove exceptions to the Pole's unvarying rule
Of not receiving callers? It was manifest presumption,
And quite too cool;
You knew, like us, with what emphatic force
The Pole declines all social intercourse.

This time he chose a fearsome way, not previously taken,
(And may he be deterred from ever choosing it again!)
We care not which of you was first; his haunts were then forsaken:
(Our loss—your gain.)
But we must really beg you not to go
Next year, and inconvenience us so.

You found the Pole, indeed? 'Twas we! You went on some such mission,
But, to escape your visit, he reversed the usual rôles,
And, though you both lay claim to it, the Polar Expedition
Has been the Pole's;
While we, with whom he's spent the time, incog.,
Neither desire nor need your polar log.

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

IN his new book, *Actions and Reactions* (Macmillan), Mr. Kipling follows the same plan that he did with "Puck of Pook's Hill." There is first a story or article, and then a set of verses which more or less proclaim the moral of what has been written in prose. The characteristic of what we think the best chapters in this book is symbolism. The first story, "An Habitation Enforced," deals with an American and his wife who are driven for reasons of health to make a residence in England, and Mr. Kipling works out with great skill the gradually strengthening influence which the old land comes to exercise over those who at first considered themselves foreign to it, but have patience enough to remain. In stately verse he makes England say:

I am the land of their fathers,
In me the virtue stays;
I will bring back my children
After certain days.
Under their feet in the grasses
My clinging magic runs.
They shall return as strangers,
They shall remain as sons.
Over their heads in the branches
Of their new-bought ancient trees,
I weave an incantation,
And draw them to my knees
Till I make plain the meaning
Of all my thousand years—
Till I fill their hearts with knowledge,
While I fill their eyes with tears.

Never did Mr. Kipling show in a more vivid manner what the stranger is likely to think or to say. The ways of England dawn with amazement on the minds of the Americans. In England they found that they were expected to know things beforehand; in other words, there is very much less talk than in their own country. The quiet, tranquil country life was a discovery to them:

The unhurried meals, the foreknowledge of deliciously empty hours to follow, the breadths of soft sky under which they walked together and reckoned time only by their hunger or thirst; the good grass beneath their feet that cheated the miles; their discoveries, always together, amid the farms—Griffons, Rocketts, Burnt House, Gale Anstey and the

Home Farm, where Iggulden of the blue smock-frock would waylay them, and they would ransack the old house once more; the long wet afternoons when they tucked up their feet on the bedroom's deep window-sill over against the apple-trees, and talked together as never till then had they found time to talk—these things contented her soul, and her body throve.

The story is one to rank with the greatest that Mr. Kipling has written. We do not care so much for the next story, "Garm—A Hostage." It is about a dog, and a dog almost deified. Natural intelligence in a wild or domestic animal is always interesting; but a dog that is much more intelligent and self-controlled than a human being bears too much resemblance to the incredibly good child. The following passage will show what the writer means:

'Not now,' I said, holding up my hand. 'When I say "Go," we'll go, Garm.' I pulled out the little blanket coat and spiked collar that Vixen always wore up in the Hills to protect her against sudden chills and thieving leopards, and I let the two smell them and talk it over. What they said of course I do not know, but it made a new dog of Garm. His eyes were bright, and he barked joyfully when I spoke to him. He ate his food, and he killed his rats for the next three weeks, and when he began to whine I had only to say "Stanley—Kasauli; Kasauli—Stanley" to wake him up. I wish I had thought of it before.

In "The Mother Hive" Mr. Kipling propounds a parable for the politician of the day. The Wax-moth which enters the hive and lays eggs which it calls "principles" is the Socialist of the body politic, and the "sound bee" is the good citizen whose ruin is finally brought about by the intruder. The effect of the Wax-moth's propaganda is ruin. Even the queen is disobeyed when she calls on them to swarm.

But the roar which should follow the Call was wanting. They heard a broken grumble like the murmur of a falling tide.

The truth is that the Wax-moth has put very bad ideas into the heads of the bees. She has told the barren workers that "we could all lay eggs like queens if we chose." The result is that oddities begin to be hatched out in the hive:

'There are always a certain number of 'em,' said Melissa. 'You can't stop a few working sisters from laying now and then, when they overfeed themselves. They only raise dwarf drones!'

'But we're hatching out drones with workers' stomachs; and allinocs, and mixed leggers who can't pack pollen—like that poor little beast yonder. I don't mind dwarf drones any more than you do (they all die in July,) but this steady hatch of oddities frightens me, Melissa!'

The end may be guessed from the final lines of the verses that follow:

But when to crown the work he goes,
Gods! what a stink salutes his nose!
Where are the honest toilers? Where
The gravid mistress of their care?
A busy scene indeed he sees,
But not a sign or sound of bees.
Worms of the ripper grave unhid
By any kindly coffin lid,
Obscene and shameless to the light,
Seethe in insatiate appetite,
Through putrid offal; while above
The hissing blow-fly seeks his love,
Whose offspring, supping where they supt,
Consume corruption twice corrupt.

It is all very like Mr. Kipling, of course, and the hive is ordered in a way that reminds us of his own Roman centurions in a former book; but he would probably have achieved his end more avowedly by using a little more wit and humour. No direct assault of the position of the Socialists was ever so effective as Canning's "Needy Knife Grinder," and the most famous of the parables are so simple and direct in their language that, while they give the wisest food for thought, they are read for the pleasure of the story by the ordinary child.

"With the Night Mail" is a striking illustration of the journalist's "intelligent anticipation of events." It is a very elaborate and detailed account of a trip in the air in the year 2,000 A.D. It consists of several parts, of which the first is an account full of detail of the trip. Mr. Kipling has on previous occasions exhibited a great delight in describing the manipulation of actual machinery, and here he attempts the same realism in dealing with that which he has to imagine. On the airship

the turbines whistle reflectively. From the low-arched expansion-tanks on either side the valves descend pillar-wise to the turbine-chests, and then the obedient gas whirled through the spirals of blades with a force that would whip the teeth out of a power-saw. Behind, its own pressure held in leash or spurred on by the lift-shunts; before it, the vacuum where Fleury's Ray dances in violet-green bands and whirled turbillions of flame. The jointed U-tubes of the vacuum-chamber are pressure-tempered colloid (no glass would endure the strain for an instant) and a junior engineer with tinted spectacles watches the Ray intently.

Those of us who live to see the full development of the flying-machine will find it interesting some years hence to compare the real engine as it is developed with the fanciful account drawn by the novelist. Following this we have supposed extracts from an Aeronautical Magazine. The chapter headed "Aerial Board of Control" is divided into four separate sections relating respectively to "Lights," "Casualties," "Missing" and "Broke for Obstruction and Quitting Levels." What the entries are like will be understood from the following:

SANDHEADS LIGHT. Green triple vertical marks new private landing stage for Bay and Burma traffic only.

Among the "Casualties" is one at Sable Island, where

a green single barrette-tower freighter, number indistinguishable, up-ended, and fore tank pierced after collision, passed 300ft. level 2 P.M. Dec. 15th. Watched to water and pithed by Mark Boat.

The Notes deal with such subjects as "High Level Sleet," "Bat-Boat Racing," "Crete and the A.B.C." There is a letter on "Sky-larking on the Equator," and the "Answers to Correspondents" deal with such matters as the tendency of low-flying planes to "glue up" when near the magnetic pole, the winning of the Five Thousand Kilometre Overland, the liability of an aviator for damage done to chimneys, and the fall of bricks into a garden. "Aldebaran" is informed that "war as a paying concern ceased in 1967." A correspondent suffering from a pulmonary complaint is advised to "try the Gobi Desert Sanatoria." "North Nigeria" is informed that

the Mark Boat was within her rights in warning you off the reserve. The shadow of a low flying dirigible scares the game. You can buy all the photos you need at Sokoto.

Then we have a review of "The life of Xavier Lavalley, 'that imperturbable dreamer of the heavens,'" and finally comes a selection of advertisements from the imaginary magazine. We give one as a sample:

FAMILY DIRIGIBLE. A competent steady man wanted for slow speed, low level Tangye dirigible. No night work, no sea trips. Must be member of the Church of England, and make himself useful in the garden. M.R., The Rectory, Gray's Barton, Wilts.

This is amusing in more ways than one. The advertisement must have appeared in a church paper. We all know the advertiser who wants "a member of the Church of England who can make himself useful in the garden." The whole is a piece of pleasant fooling in which the author, however, runs the risk of boring the reader with details which he knows to be purely fanciful.

THE FUN OF OUR GRANDFATHERS.

The Merry Past, by Ralph Nevill. (Duckworth and Co.)

IN this book Mr. Ralph Nevill draws a striking contrast between the outspoken, vigorous, breezy Englishman of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century and his more restrained, courteous and polished successor of to-day. The time he has chosen is one in which hunting was the paramount amusement of the country. The fox-hunting squire was in his glory. It is stated that one of them chose Cambridge for his son simply because he heard that they made the best saddles and bridles there, and the general opinion concerning a University education held by the fox-hunter is epitomised in the remark of one of them: "Well, gentlemen," he shouted out, "all I have to tell you is this, that if you do not know a good deal more about Latin and Greek than you do about fox-hunting, your parents have sent you to college to confound little purpose." The country gentleman of the period has been well pictured by Thackeray. By day he was devoted to horses and hounds, by night to his old port, and at all times to loud laughter and the strongest practical jokes. In spite of his excesses he often attained a lusty old age. The famous Mr. Leche lived to eighty-three, and the year before he died sat down to dinner with a friend of his at Chester at one o'clock in the afternoon, and did not call for his carriage until two o'clock next morning. He rose early in the morning and was fairly abstemious when by himself, but in company, as his biographer says, he "sacrificed most freely to the god of wine." Eleazar Ashton lived to the age of ninety-eight, and on his ninety-seventh birthday walked three miles from his residence at Dillsworth and back. He was not a hard drinker, but admitted that he was not averse to an occasional bout. Daniel Bull Macarthy was five times married, and, although at the last wedding he was eighty-four and his bride fourteen, he became the father of twenty children by her, she bearing a child every year. It is said that during his last seventy years he could not bear the warmth of a shirt in the nighttime, and put it under his pillow. He imbibed "naked truth" very freely, this being his name for rum and brandy. If "out of complaisance to other gentlemen he took claret or port, he always drank an equal glass of rum or brandy to qualify these liquors; this he called a wedge." The English squire took his politics much more simply than is the custom to-day. Corresponding to the fox-hunting squire in the country was the Corinthian or buck in town such as he is pictured in Pierce Egan's "Tom and Jerry." Many practical jokes at which we can laugh to this day have been collected by the author about the buck. A receipted tailor's bill was a picture in the possession of few of them, and yet the tradesmen must have got their money somehow, because the West End was very prosperous in those days. Most of the anecdotes are connected either with jests of the fair sex or dodges by which the bailiff was cheated. Some of their exploits remind us of the doings of the Hell Fire Club. Annoyed at being prevented from hunting by the weather, a young baronet "set to work to destroy the pictures of his ancestors with his hunting whip, in which work of destruction he was ably seconded by his friends, with the result that every sheet of canvas hung in strips and tatters, and the once magnificent hall presented a scene of purposeless destruction." It could never be said that the bucks were effeminate. As well as being roysterers in the evenings, they were patrons of the ring and great judges of cocking. "The Game Chick" and Belcher were their familiars, and at times the buck himself could take off his coat to some purpose. We have to think not only of the hunting-field and the roystering set, but of the stage-coaches and the rest, to understand what a strong, energetic race was that which we often sneer at as forming the people of the Regency era.

OUTDOOR ORNITHOLOGY.

The British Warblers: A History; with the Problems of their Lives, by H. Elliot Howard, F.Z.S., M.B.O.U. (R. H. Porter.)

DURING recent years only one book on our native birds can be honestly singled out as a work of sterling value and originality, and that is the work now under review—a monograph on the British warblers. Of the eight parts which are to form the complete work, three have now been published, two of which have already been reviewed in these pages. All other monographs so far published, whether on British or extra-British birds, have been mainly, and generally wholly, compilations. Mr. Howard's book contains nothing but original information, obtained from observation in the field; information, be it noted, covering every conceivable aspect of the life-history. Yet nothing of triviality appears in these pages. Every single fact set down has been selected with a purpose.

The greater portion of Part III. is devoted to the life-history of that delightful songster, the black-cap, tracing its every movement from the moment of its arrival in the spring till its departure for more congenial climes in the autumn. Naturally, the period of courtship, and the aftermath, parental cares, provide the most interesting phases of this story; but his account of the young birds, and of the gradual development of their nascent characters, is scarcely less interesting. As he has shown in the case of other warblers, the males are the earliest to arrive, when they immediately take up their breeding territory, from which all intruders are vigorously beaten off. Later the females and belated males arrive. It would seem, from Mr. Howard's account, that the males return to the same breeding territory year after year, and perhaps we shall be right in assuming the females behave in like manner. In other words, they return to their mates. If this be so, why does the one arrive in advance of the other? And why is it that in some years, at any rate, immature birds are the first to arrive?

The delicious days of courtship, and the weird and often grotesque antics which, in sheer exuberance of spirit, are performed by the males; their jealousies and feuds with rivals, real or imaginary; and the anxious days of nursing, are charmingly described here. Why, asks the author, should the plumage of the males undergo a marked deterioration in brilliancy after mating has taken place? Why is it also that the song degenerates directly after the arrival of the females? Hitherto we have

supposed that this event heightened the quality of the song. The author's observations on the powers of mimicry displayed by the black-cap, and on the acquisition of the characteristic song by the young, are full of originality and reveal unsuspected mysteries. Those of us who cherish an affection for our native birds owe much to Mr. Howard, for he has shown us how to study them, and he has revealed in that study undreamed-of delights. We should, indeed, be the more grateful to him because he has selected just those species which are the shyest and most difficult of approach of all as object-lessons in the pursuit of outdoor ornithology.

Finally, a word as to the illustrations. Those in the part now before us in every way maintain the high standard of excellence attained in the preceding parts. The most striking of all is, perhaps, the picture of three male black-caps fighting in mid-air. But besides these there are seven other exquisite photogravure plates illustrating the strange postures assumed during the excitement of courtship and three beautiful coloured plates, all the work of M. Henrik Grönvold.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

NATIVE ART.

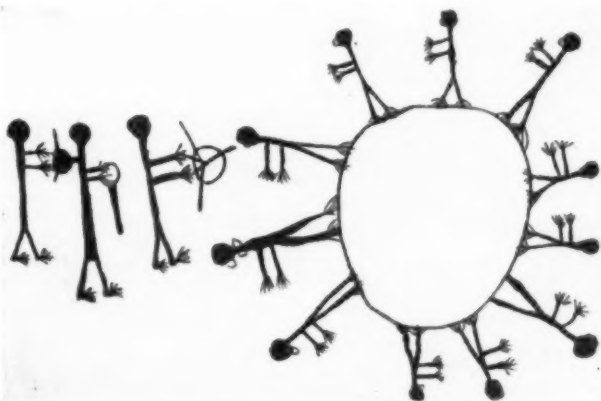
Native Life in East Africa, by Dr. Karl Weule. Translated by Alice Werner. (Sir I. Pitman and Sons.)

THERE are things to smile at and many of interest in the volume which Dr. Karl Weule has written on his six months' travel in Africa. He possesses the German quality of thoroughness, and it finds expression in the direct manner in which he sought information. When in doubt he assembled the natives by tuck of drum and made them submit to a long and detailed cross-examination. It does not require much experience to know that he must have been as apt to get lies as the truth by this artless method. Still, by insistence and perseverance, the author has managed to collect a great many facts about the external life of the people. If not exactly the first, he is among the first to use such accessories of civilisation as the cinematograph and the phonograph for the purpose of carrying away a true record of what he saw and heard in Africa. It is a matter for regret that so many of his films were lost, as they would have proved of enormous interest to the students of folklore. A feature that he has introduced is still more novel. It is the collection and reproduction of native drawings. Among the many excellent illustrations of the volume, these are the best. As Miss Alice Werner, who



MYASA HUNTER WITH DOG: DRAWN BY SALIM MATOLA.

writes the introduction, says: "No doubt he has succeeded to a very great extent with the visible and tangible in the life of the people. It can scarcely be expected that in the brief space of time at his disposal he should have been able to penetrate into their inner life." When an author heads a chapter, "Native Life Seen from the Inside," and begins, "I have been in Africa barely two months and as yet only a fraction of a month in the interior, and yet I feel quite at home already," we know that he is in the way of deceiving himself. The following passage, descriptive of a hut in Masasi, will give a good idea of his method: "In the centre, midway between the two doors is the kitchen with the hearth and the most indispensable household implements and stores. The hearth is simplicity itself: three stones the size of a man's head, or perhaps only lumps of earth from an ant-heap, are placed at an angle of 120° to each other. On these, surrounded by other pots, the great earthen pot, with the inevitable *ngali*, rests over the smouldering fire. Lying about among them are ladles, or spoons, and 'spurtles' for stirring the porridge. Over the fireplace, and well within reach of the smoke, is a stage constructed out of five or six forked poles. On the cross sticks are laid heads of millet in close uniform rows, and under them, like the sausages in the smoke room of a German farm house, hang a great number of the largest and finest cobs of maize, by this time covered with a shining layer of soot. If this does not protect them from insects, nothing will."



THE LIKWAJA DANCE BEING PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE AUTHOR: DRAWN BY PESA MBILI, THE MNYAMWEZI HEADMAN.



MATAMBE FISHMAN CATCHING A TURTLE WHICH A WATER-SNAKE IS TRYING TO SEIZE: FROM A DRAWING BY THE ASKARI STAMHURI.

The professor reserves the result of his enquiries into the artistic aptitude of the natives for a future book. How he wheedled the drawings out of them is told with a certain amount of humour. He required both to command and to flatter ere he could get them to do what he wanted. He found that the African "is incapable of drawing any object in the abstract, and apart from its natural surroundings"; and he goes on to tell us that "If he is told to draw a Mnyamwezi woman he draws his own wife, or at any rate some relative or personal acquaintance, and if he is to draw a hut he proceeds in exactly the same way, and depicts his own or his neighbour's. Just so with the *genre* pictures, which are not such in our sense of the word, but might almost be termed a species of historical painting. I have already a whole series of sketches representing a lion springing on a cow, or a hyena attacking a man, or some similar scene from the life-struggle of the higher organisms, and the explanation is always something like this:—'This is a lion, and this is a cow, but the cow belonged to my uncle and the lion carried it off about four years ago. And this is a hyena, and this man is my friend—say Kasona—who was taken ill on the march from Tabora to Mwanza and had to stay behind, and the hyena came and was going to bite him, but we drove it away and saved Kasona.'" The examples we give are quite interesting as showing the development of the artistic instinct in the native mind.

NOVELS OF THE WEEK.

Margaret Hever, by Elizabeth Martindale. (Duckworth.) This, to use an old-fashioned phrase, is a "problem novel"; but the problem stated is of an interesting kind. Margaret is engaged to a distinguished historian named Cheyne, who is more than old enough to be her father; into their dispassionate, idyllic courtship comes bursting Cheyne's young Australian kinsman, Philip Hume. To Hume, who is "naturalistic" and something of a rough diamond, the engagement appears ridiculous. Without regard for honour or decent feeling he promptly pays his barbaric addressee to Margaret under his host's nose. She is nearly carried away by the passion in her own nature which answers his; and by a very natural feminine jealousy—for in aiming at Margaret, Hume has made an incidental conquest of her friend. The ending of the story is natural and well managed. Margaret, however, does not give the impression of being "settled" for life. This clever writer could give us a very interesting picture of her leading character "five years hence"; and, though objecting to sequels on principle, we almost hope that she will do so.

Love and the Wise Men, by Percy White. (Methuen.) The wise men were old Spenser Kirke, Charles Lefebvre, author of "La Domination Sexuelle," and Emile Bard, son-in-law of Lefebvre and head of the Institution Bard. The object of M. Bard's school, which was situated in an old French cathedral town, was to bring up boys in such a way that they should be freed from the unhealthy sex-obsession which in the present day has become so prevalent. The boys, from their earliest years, were to have the veil torn from those mysteries which, in reality, are no more mysterious than the processes by which the "harmless mouse and volatile rabbit" propagate their species. The foolish wisdom of the professors allows Mr. White full scope for his ironical humour, and with a background of learned men attempting to catch and label emotion just as an entomologist catches and labels butterflies—trying, in short, "to pin moorbeams in boxes"—we have a very pretty story of a boy and girl love affair. The chapters dealing with David Kirke's and Philip Herriot's devotion to Patricia Harcourt during their school days at the Institution Bard are among the most amusing in the book. In this part of the story also we meet Pauline Bard, wife of Père Emile and daughter of Charles Lefebvre, the author of the epoch-making work whose doctrines the school is intended to put into force. Pauline is a beautiful, high-spirited creature and soon discovers the flaws in her husband's system; indeed, all the wise men live to find out that there is a good deal in the human relations beyond the mere instincts which are shared with the volatile rabbit and

innocent white mouse. The old professor himself succumbs to the pretty widow, while after the death by drowning of poor Patricia's drunken husband she is left free to marry David, who has adored her ever since the days when he threw notes for her over the garden wall of the Institution Bard. This is quite one of the best of Mr. White's witty and ironical tales.

The Paladin, by H. A. Vachell. (Smith, Elder and Co.) If the beginning of Mr. Vachell's book is a little dull and conventional, it certainly has a promise of interesting developments. This is fulfilled to a certain extent in the scene at Mont Plaisir, which is full of possibilities. Unfortunately, from this point the author's treatment of his theme is weakened by a plentiful dilution of melodrama. The events in Napier's house are exceedingly melodramatic; nor are they really handled in any other spirit. The unfortunate Alice, who practically kills herself by giving vent to an outburst of jealous fury; the much-maligned but innocent heroine, misunderstood by everyone; the "Ta in"; the faithful, vindictive, foolish Peach—all these people and their actions are not very convincing; and the ordeal devised by the doctor, with which the story ends, is still less so. Unexact readers who expect excitement will like this book, which contains, by the way, some excellent characterisation. The sketch of the Paladin himself is a subtle, ironic piece of work; and Miranda Jagg, Sabrina and "the absent-minded little puss" are quite real people.

BOOKS TO ORDER FROM THE LIBRARY.

The Merry Past, by Ralph Nevill. (Duckworth.)
Hedwig in England, by the author of "Marcia in Germany." (Heinemann.)
Yet Again, by Max Beerbohm. (Chapman and Hall.)
China, by Sir Henry Arthur Blake; with illustrations by Mortimer Menpes. (A. and C. Black.)
Greece in Evolution, edited by G. F. Abbott. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

RETRIEVER TRIALS.

THE SECOND NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY RETRIEVER SOCIETY'S MEETING.

LAST year a start was made in the Northern home of the Labradors, and an excellent meeting was brought off to stimulate the interest in a county which must be regarded as having retrievers as good as, if not better than, any other. Mr. Maurice Portal, owner of the now celebrated Labrador Flapper, acts as hon. secretary for the society, and at this second meeting had a full card of twenty dogs to be tried on October 1st and 2nd. One would have thought these were admirable dates to fix; admirable for everyone except a few deer-stalkers who were still busy in the Scottish forests. Most other Highland shooters had returned South. But partridge-shooting had not begun in Northumberland, where on the days of the trials there still stood, on the beat selected, twenty acres of standing barley to attract and retain the partridges. But there were still the sixty acre root fields at Wooperton, and these provided plenty of game, along with hares, to test all the retrievers entered, quite as highly as retrievers beginning their season at a field trial were likely to require. Here there were two stakes, one for puppies and the other for all-aged dogs. The judges were Mr. Wheeler, Mr. C. B.

Macpherson and Mr. C. Liddell. As might be expected so near the Buccleuch country, there were twelve Labradors entered, two half-breds between that sort and flat-coated retrievers, and six flat coats. These six, however, were quite out of the hunt, and the breed only got a half look in at the prize-money by means of one of the cross-bred animals that won the puppy stake. This was the Duke of Newcastle's Alnwick Lady. Second to her was a red Labrador entered by Mr. Allgood, an animal of unusual but not unique colour, and suggestive of many things. Third also went to a Labrador, namely, Captain Burrell's Broome Park Bess.

The all-aged stakes was won by Mr. Ian A. Straker's Juno, also a Labrador. Captain W. M. Burrell took second with Broome Park Flip, a Labrador too, and, like the winner, a daughter of Flapper. Third fell to Viscount Ridley's Labrador, Blagdon Shot. Lord Ridley is president of the society, and is also supported by a strong local committee. Fine weather was enjoyed, and lots of birds, thanks to Mr. W. W. Burden, owner of the shooting.

THE FIRST HERTFORDSHIRE COUNTY RETRIEVER TRIAL.

To see retriever trials advancing in popular esteem in the way they are is very satisfactory. Only a few years ago users of those dogs who desired to improve their own sorts had nothing publicly before them that could assist in the slightest degree. There were the show dogs, often the only ones at the public stud, and for this reason they were bred from. Those who bred from them might not keep their descendants; but the latter went somewhere, and gradually most of the old sorts were altered or died out. For several years nothing much won at the retriever trials but those show sorts, for the obvious reason that nothing else was entered. But this has all been greatly altered, for since the Labradors have been sent to field trials in all their native character, and unaltered by the shows or their influence, it has been very difficult for a show flat or curly coated dog to get much chance at the trials. At the Herts meeting the Labradors were entered in the proportion of seven to ten of the whole entry. Yet one of the flat coats won the stake. This was Mr. John Kerr's Beechgrove Jet. Second to her was Mr. A. B. Buxton's Labrador Zulu. It cannot be said that any very great and outstanding merit was shown by any of the retrievers. That might have been accounted for by the conditions of scent and the profusion of water that stood upon the motionless leaves of the root fields, and showered on to the ground at every touch from a retriever. However, no dog which had runners to retrieve did all that was requested of him, and the winner particularly lost a winged pheasant that she had every chance to recover by being sent on at once to the fall of the bird. The judges were the Hon. A. Holland Hibbert, Lord Alfred Fitzroy and Mr. C. C. Eley. Mr. Peter Clutterbuck, to whom this initial Hertfordshire movement is due, has been well rewarded for his trouble, and was able to show lots of game on October 1st upon his Sarrait shooting, near Chorley Wood, T. B.

ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

THE ST. ANDREWS MEDALLIST.

LORD WESTBURY'S name is one that has been very well known for a long time in various fields of sport. He is the successor of that celebrated lawyer of whom it is reported, among other sayings of trenchant wit, that, after his opponent in argument had concluded a passionate and resonant address to the jury, he commenced his speech in reply by saying, in a still, small voice, "Now that that noise is over, I will tell you what it is all about." The present Lord Westbury's son, Mr. R. Bethell, has just flashed into fame with meteoric splendour by winning the autumn medal of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club. He won it in a very fine score, of 76, and against the very finest field that ever has been collected to compete for it. Perhaps the meteoric simile is a little unkindly, in its suggestion of rapid descent as well as of hasty rise; but how meteor-like that rise really was may be estimated from the appreciation of the handicap committee for Mr. Bethell, they giving him three strokes. And whereas the heaviest-penalised men in the field, namely, Mr. John Ball, Mr. Maxwell and Captain Hutchison, owed four apiece, and Mr. Bethell beat them all by two strokes, it appears that this was something like a nine stroke rise, all in a flash; which is remarkable. Mr. Bethell has been known for a long time as a very strong but a somewhat erring driver. On this great day for him, only one drive, as it seems, erred—into the bunker that is called "Kruger," on the right of the line going to the tenth hole, and Providence was so far with Mr. Bethell that he lay well enough to be able to hack the ball out right on to the green, and got a three at this, which is, even without any bunker, not at all a bad four hole.

OTHER POINTS OF THE MEETING.

The field deserves a word of comment, including as it did those aforesaid, with Mr. Graham, Mr. Edward Blackwell—perhaps it would put the matter more shortly to say that the only absentees whom we could suppose to have even an outside chance for the medal (though what Mr. Bethell did reminds us that this kind of statement has to be made very guardedly) were Mr. Guy Campbell and Mr. Norman Hunter. All the rest were there, and seeing that the day was perfect for golf, it was to be expected that the great men would

do something like a 75 between them; but they failed, and it was left for one who only made himself great by doing so to come within a stroke of that. Mr. Maxwell, when four holes from home, had the easiest possible chance of doing 76 with common or garden Bogey play, but he threw away a stroke badly at the fifteenth and again at the sixteenth, and so tied with Mr. Low for second medal at 78. Mr. Low did very good work in winning that "Glennie" medal which is the award for the best aggregate score at the two medal meetings in the year, rewarding that quality of steadiness of which "Old Glennie" himself was one of the best of examples. Playing off a tie for second medal is a business wherein it is difficult to feel much enthusiasm, and it was in rather a chastened spirit that Mr. Maxwell and Mr. Low went out the next morning to see whether they could come to a decision on the matter. For a while they kept very level, both playing rather indifferently; but after the eleventh hole Mr. Maxwell began to go away and won with 80 to Mr. Low's unfinished score of several strokes more.

PROPOSED DEFINITION OF A GOLF CLUB.

It has become known—indeed, notice of the intention was mentioned by a member of the Rules of Golf Committee speaking at the annual dinner of the Royal and Ancient Club—that that committee proposes to bring forward a motion at the general meeting of the club in the spring which shall contain a definition of a golf club and prohibit the use of any weapons which do not fit in with that definition. If they can get a satisfying definition, it is certain that improvement would be made on the present condition of golfing politics in this connection, which are in a state of something so much like mud as to be not quite edifying. The committee has said, practically, that the small croquet mallets are not to be used; but then nobody at present knows precisely what a croquet mallet, for the purposes of this rule, means nor exactly where a golf club ends and a croquet mallet begins. The committee, when tackled on the point, has no more to say than that a croquet mallet is a thing of which the shaft goes up vertically from the head. But this is only partially true of real croquet mallets; there are many quite outside such a definition. With the general intention of the committee most golfers will agree. It is unedifying to see men putting the

ball into the hole with a mallet swung like a pendulum between the legs—especially unedifying when an opponent holes a putt in this fashion, and it is only a light consolation to tell him that he has done so in an undignified attitude, unworthy of a reasonable man. In the present muddle a man can easily evade the spirit of the latest legislation, by very slightly altering his mallet. When a strict definition of a golf club is produced this will not be so easy.

GENERAL FORM OF THE DEFINITION.

The present idea seems to be that the committee's proposed definition will be something having for its principle that the head of the club shall be on one side only of the shaft. This is so very simple that one begins immediately to be doubtful whether it can work; but the more consideration is given it, the clearer it seems that this really does carry with it the root of the matter. It is a definition, it will be noted, in which no place is found for the Schenectady. That curious tool will have to be "scrapped," or its protuberant heel shaved off it. We should all, probably be pleased to come back to the faith of our fathers in respect of this golf club question, if only its answer can be made clear. And it seems as if a club thus defined would compel the man who now puts pendulum-wise between his legs to change this fashion of small beauty and less dignity for something better.

HERD AND TOM BALL.

Up till now Tom Ball has distinguished himself far more as a score player than a match player, and has done nothing in a hand-to-hand struggle comparable in brilliancy to his achievement of being second in the open championship twice in succession. If we remember rightly, it was about this time last year that Herd gave him a terrible drubbing in an exhibition match. Herd has, moreover, had the best of it when the two have met in the match between the Lancashire and Yorkshire professionals. On Saturday last, however, at Oldham, Ball got a little of his own back, and after being at one time several holes to the bad, defeated the Huddersfield champion by two and one. He also had the best of a scoring round in the afternoon, doing 69 to Herd's 73, and only just missing a special prize offered for anyone who should accomplish a 68. The Southern reader may be excused for imagining either that the Oldham course cannot be a very long one or else the donor of the special prize must be constitutionally of a cautious disposition; to demand a 68, even of the modern professional, is to be somewhat exacting. By the time this note appears in print, Ball will very likely have distinguished himself further at Walton Heath. The big greens should suit him well, for he is a beautiful putter, and anyone anxious to improve his putting could ask no better model. He is very effective with his wooden clubs likewise; but there is an exaggerated freedom of foot action which it would be unwise for the less talented to copy.

AT WALTON HEATH.

There is a fierce light beating upon Walton Heath this week, since it is the venue of, perhaps, the most interesting event in the professionals' golfing year. It is certain, at least, that no one will have any cause to complain of the insufficient length of the course. In point of mere yards it is always exceedingly long, but the ground is, as a rule, very hard, as inland courses go, and there is a fine run on the ball. Just now, however, the turf is comparatively soft and slow, with the incessant rains of this dreadful year, and there is more grass than usual, so that the chances of ordinary mortals getting home in two at the longer holes are of the smallest. Holes such as the fourth, seventh and eighth require the most prodigious hits, even from Braid-like heroes, if anything better than a five is to be done. On the other hand, there is a measure of comfort to be derived from the state of the greens, which are slow, true and grassy, whereas they can at times be so slippery and "kittle" as to be likened by the unsuccessful holer-out to skating-rinks. It is much to be hoped that water will not obtrude itself in the bottom of the pot-bunkers. They are quite deep enough and formidable enough without that added terror, and, moreover, water in the bunkers brings an entirely undesirable element of luck into the game.

AUTUMN MEETINGS.

The autumn meetings are now in full swing all over the country, and quite an appreciable time is required to wade through the very long column of very small print in which the results are announced in Monday morning's paper. Slow greens and windless days more than make up for the moist and misty weather, and wonderfully low rounds have been the rule, net scores much nearer 70 than 80 being as common as blackberries. One particularly fine score was Mr. E. C. Lee's 72 at Guildford, which won him the scratch prize, as well it might, though it was not good enough to prevent his brother,

Mr. N. A. Lee, being first in the handicap. Another old Oxford captain, Mr. de Montmorency, won the scratch prize at Stoke Poges with 80—a round which is hardly worthy of him at his best, but good enough to beat most people over that long course. The course at Stoke Poges is a godsend to the Et in masters, and they showed their appreciation of it in a thoroughly practical manner, for two of Mr. de Montmorency's colleagues—Mr. Impey and Mr. Bodkin, the latter quite one of the most heart-breaking putters in existence—tied for first place in the handicap. One of the most remarkable scores is a net 71 at Brancaster, a round so low as to be almost insulting alike to the handicappers and the course. Poor Brancaster! There was a time, in far-off gutty days, when men spoke of the tremendous length of the holes and carries with bated breath. Now people scurry round in these irreverent totals. Yet it is still fine, free-smiting golf for all that.

SIR NORMAN LOCKYER

Probably no man of science is more widely known to-day than Sir Norman Lockyer. The list of his various degrees would fill a considerable space, that of his publications a still larger one. They range over a variety of subjects, from the comparatively light, such as "Spectrum Analyses," to really weighty matters, such as the "Rules of Golf."

If Sir Norman would once more enter the arena of golfing politics, and publish a scientific and satisfactory definition of what does and does not constitute a golf club, he would be conferring a benefit upon his fellows. Sir Norman Lockyer plays most of his golf at Sandwich, and is a member of the Royal St. George's Club; while with regard to clubs that are not golfing ones, he is a familiar figure at the Athenæum.



SIR NORMAN LOCKYER.

"SMITH" AT THE COMEDY.

WITH "Smith," Mr. Somerset Maugham has almost reached a high-water mark in the art of pleasing. One after another his plays have had in them the essential qualities of popular success. A note of distinction here and there, in unexpected places, there has always been, and a biting, rather elaborate, wit, appealing pleasantly to the intelligence. But underneath was generally the solid, marketable basis which means success.

In "Smith," his latest play, he goes a few steps further on the path of popularity; we see an even greater mastery of the technics of his art. The theme of the play is not new, but it is handled with incomparable neatness, every jot of dramatic effect being wrung from it. For stage purposes it is the most effective comedy of the year, and it shows a veiled and very excusable cynicism in its author; it is, in fact, a complete triumph in the art of gauging popular taste. Mr. Maugham gives the public what it asks for, but his way of giving it is his own. If the general framework of his play is not conspicuously original, the details are sketched in with decided individuality.

Mrs. Dallas-Baker is a lady whom everyone has met. She is pretty, obviously thirty-five, and has a very "comfortable" income. The even course of her life is disturbed by very few domestic responsibilities. Her husband would be generally considered an ideal husband for a pretty woman. And she has no children. Into this milieu comes her brother on his arrival from the Colonies. He is become a "plain man," and finds the atmosphere of his sister's home unendurably artificial. Without thinking too much about what he is doing he attacks the conditions of her life; in vain she tries to make him see the philosophy of the butterfly; in the end, helped by circumstances, he makes the artificial fabric of her life crumble around her. Her friends leave her, for she has not taken the trouble to bind them to her; her "tame-cat" departs to marry an American; only her husband remains. It is a tragedy in miniature, full of pathetic absurdity. We know that she will make fresh friends, but we pity her because her foolish, vapid mind obviously precludes an uninteresting old age. Meanwhile Freeman, who is come home to find a wife, has not been looking in vain. At first he is entrapped into asking Emily Chapman, one of his sister's friends, to be his

wife; but she herself terminates the engagement, for she has been converted by him to a more serious and satisfactory view of life, and has decided to find work in the Colonies. This conversion is one of the least convincing parts of the play. But Freeman's eye has fallen on Smith, the parlourmaid. He discovers that she is a farmer's daughter and has never been ill in her life. Without loving her, believing that in all essentials she is the woman for him, he asks her to be his wife. She refuses. A delicious little comedy follows, in which the man begins really to want what he cannot have; the girl to notice "points" in her unexpected lover. In the end Mrs. Dallas-Baker's discovery of what has happened and her immediate dismissal of Smith causes the latter to capitulate joyfully, bewildered at the turn events have taken. Such, put briefly, is the story of the play, and it is told with extraordinary deftness and skill. If Emily Chapman's conversion seems hardly probable, the scenes

between Smith and Freeman are certainly convincing. They were delightfully conceived, in exactly the right spirit, and perfectly played by Mr. Loraine and Miss Marie Löhr.

Mr. Maugham must be very popular among actors. There have been few comedies lately containing so many good parts so well acted. Thomas Freeman might become in some hands merely a tedious bore. Mr. Loraine avoided this pitfall, making us feel that Freeman's aggressive attitude was natural. Of Smith, Miss Marie Löhr made a delightful if rather ideal figure; and as Mrs. Dallas-Baker, Miss Kate Cutler proved once more that she has an excellent instinct for comedy; she managed adroitly, too, her little tragedy in the last scene. One of the many clever touches in the play is the contrast between Freeman and Peppercorn, the tame-cat; the scenes between the two men are extremely amusing. As Peppercorn Mr. A. E. Mathews was at his best.

CORRESPONDENCE.

GAME COVERT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—Can you advise me what to plant for game covert where the ground is too scattered and extensive to wire against rabbits? I should prefer to plant something that will eventually make timber.—J. H. C.

[We are afraid that our correspondent is asking an impossibility. There is no form of vegetation which will eventually grow into a timber tree that the rabbits will not eat when it is young. It is difficult to give advice as to the best cover to plant without knowing something of the character of the soil and the aspect. We may recommend our correspondent to look at the list of rabbit-proof shrubs given by Sir Herbert Maxwell in his "Memories of the Months," First Series. It is too long to quote here, but probably some kinds may be selected which will suit the conditions of our correspondent's ground. The list, however, has to be taken with much reserve, for though the shrubs named by Sir Herbert Maxwell may be immune from rabbits in his own county, they are not so everywhere, with the single exception of the old-fashioned *Ponticum rhododendron*. We have never found rabbits to eat this anywhere, even in the most severe winters; but severe stress will reduce them to preying on all the rest. In a mild climate probably Sir H. Maxwell's list could be accepted without reserve. Unfortunately, *rhododendrons* do not do well in all soils, nor at best are they very good cover for pheasants; they give too much drip. Would it be impossible to plant here and there over the ground patches of the Corsican or Austrian pine, wired round while the trees are still very young, among shrubs which the rabbits will leave? Both these varieties of pine are practically immune from the rabbits after a few years.—ED.]

MADNESS IN WILD ANIMALS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—The interesting review in last week's *COUNTRY LIFE* of Mr. Tate's book, in which reference was made to the prevalence of rabies among animals in the East, reminds me that even the dogs of colder climates suffer from a form of madness which has caused much worry to Arctic explorers owing to the losses sustained thereby in their packs. Commander Peary, in "Northward Over the Great Ice," explains the nature of the disease. He says they did not quite escape the piblockto, a dread disorder that at times has threatened to rob the poor natives of one of their most valuable resources. It was prevalent in South Greenland forty years ago, and no remedy has been discovered, though, happily, its ravages are now small. The victims show their derangement by howling and snapping and refusing all nourishment. They often die of convulsions the day they are attacked. Commander Peary gives the following graphic description of an outbreak of the disease among his sledge dogs: "Two more dogs with the piblockto had bitten nearly every dog in the pack. One of these dogs, the Agitator, a powerful, big, wolfish brute, the last survivor of the dogs purchased on the Labrador Coast, presented just before he was killed as savage and gory a spectacle, as I have ever seen. He had run amuck through the team, and, half blind as he was with froth and blood, had been mercilessly torn and shaken by the dogs that he had attacked. As the rifle was levelled at him, he stood exhausted and panting, with head and neck swollen to twice their natural size, ears torn in shreds, eyes bloodshot, bloody foam dripping from his jaws, and his entire body flecked with foam and blood and clotted tufts of fur. Though so weak that he could scarcely stand, he was just gathering himself for another spring at the dog nearest him, when the bullet passed through his brain, and he collapsed in a quivering heap on the blood-besattered snow." Many dogs died as the result of this outbreak. A form of hysteria, bearing the same name locally, prevails among the Eskimos, the women being the most frequently afflicted. When under the influence of the madness the sufferer denudes himself of clothing and prances about like a broncho. One woman attempted to walk the ceiling of her igloo, but, not being a fly, was unsuccessful. Mr. Peary says that a case of piblockto lasts from five minutes to half-an-hour or more. When it occurs in a hut, no apparent concern is felt by the other inmates, nor is any attention paid to the antics of the mad one. It is only when an attempt is made to run abroad that restraining cords are affixed.—C. S.

THE FLY AND THE KINGFISHER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—I noticed in a recent number of your journal a paragraph referring to the frequent capture of swallows by fly-fishers; that has happened to me, but a most extraordinary incident occurred when I was fly-fishing very many

years ago. It has never been related in print, and I think it is worthy of record. As a young fellow I was fishing for chub in a by-wash of a mill at Kempston, near the town of Bedford. In the act of casting my line struck a kingfisher which happened to fly down the stream. To my utter amazement, I saw the bird at the end of my line. I pulled him in towards me as fast as I could, but when almost within my reach he got free and flew off. Whether such an event ever happened before or will happen again may be doubted.—E. W. YOUNG.

TRAINED PEREGRINE FALCONS WANTED.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—I shall feel so much obliged if through the medium of your interesting paper you can give me any information as to where I may procure trained peregrine falcons; and if you or your readers can give me any advice as to their management.—S. M. C.

[Trained peregrines cannot often be procured unless their owners should for any reason be desirous of parting with them. Full advice as to the management of trained falcons and other hawks is given in "The Art and Practice of Hawking," which can be purchased from Mr. E. Michell, Wyke, near Bruton, Somerset, who might be able to inform you where the falcons you require are to be had.—ED.]

GULLS AND FISHES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—In your issue of September 25th I was sorry to read that, owing to the increase of the gulls and, I take it, the decrease of the fish, the gulls may be taken from the Protection Acts. A young gull having been found to contain sixty fish, the question naturally arises: Where did he get such a quantity? I think the answer is quite plain to those who have studied and observed the habits of these birds. Few will be disinclined to the reason that they have got them from above the high-water mark, together with millions of their kind, basking in the sun, where they had been left by man the night previous. From August until the end of October I have for years seen the longshoremen (they must not be confused with proper fishermen), with boat and net, hauling the sandy coves and small bays. On a dark, still night the fish make for the shore, and the nets are hauled right through the very breeding-ground of the fish, with the result that millions of baby fish and eggs are torn from their nurseries and are hauled, together with a cartload of weed, above the high-water mark, to perish in the morning sun. I have counted fifty or more on a small piece of weed no larger than the size of one's hand, and some so small that a microscope is necessary to determine their kind by the spots and marks. Now, this goes on all around our shores, and each boat hauls its net, say, ten times a night, and the catch for the night would be about 60lb. of small fish for the market. For this they destroy some 50,000,000 of fish-life. Apply this to the whole of the United Kingdom, and the wholesale destruction of young fish-life is appalling. The longshoremen know they do this, and the only answer they give as to why they do not throw back the weed is that others would not, why need they? I am, Sir, of the opinion that if this were done we should have no need to quarrel with the gulls. They are beautiful birds, and are an ever-pleasant sight to all lovers of our sea-girt coast; and I for one feel that we should be doing a wrongful action to exclude them from the Act just for the reason stated.—A LOVER OF THE GULLS.

STRANGE TRADITIONS CONCERNING THE MOON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—Many quaint ideas about the moon exist in different parts of the world, and among them the traditions regarding that remarkable phenomenon known as the "man in the moon" plays the chief part. In England the story runs that the "man in the moon" once lived on earth, but was found one day by Moses gathering sticks on the Sabbath, and as a punishment was sent to the moon, where he can now be seen with his bundle of faggots on his back. The Chinese believe the figure in the moon to be an ancient belle, "Chango" by name, who, drinking the liquor of immortality, straightway ascended to the moon, where she still remains. In Swabia the story is that a man and woman stand in the moon—the man for hindering people from attending church by strewing thorns on their road; the woman because she churned on Sunday. The man still carries his thorns and the woman her butter-tub. To the Italians the "man in the moon" is none other than Cain; while the Jews believe the figure to be Isaac, bearing on his shoulders the wood for his own sacrifice. In Sylt the "man in the

moon" is a sheep-stealer, who enticed his neighbour's sheep by cabbages. At last, as a warning, he was sentenced to perpetual purgatory in the moon with his cabbages. Curious ideas are prevalent concerning lunar eclipses. The Hindoos believe that when the moon is eclipsed a snake is trying to swallow it. This belief is shared by the Chinese. When an eclipse happens in Mexico, it is believed that the sun is devouring the



SLEDGING THE BRACKEN.

moon; while the Tonga Islanders attribute it to a thick cloud passing over the moon. The American Indians say the moon is tired when she is eclipsed. When they see an eclipse of the moon, the Indians of the Orinoko redouble their labours on their growing crops, believing the moon is hiding herself in anger at their laziness. In England superstitions concerning the moon are still strong. For instance, who likes to see the new moon through glass? Is it not a sign of ill-luck through the ensuing month? In Lincolnshire the farmers will not, if they can help it, kill their pigs during the wane of the moon, for if they do the lard will shrink.—G. WELBURN.

APPLE-GROWING IN TASMANIA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In view of the increased attention that is now being paid by residents in this country to the prospect of providing careers for their children in the Australian States, will you allow me, as representing the Government of Tasmania in London, to place the following particulars concerning our fruit industry before such of your readers as may desire this information. Tasmania (the southernmost of the States of the Commonwealth of Australia) is essentially the home of the Antipodean apple industry, one of the most profitable branches of production under the Southern Cross. Primarily its delightful climate is responsible for this pre-eminence. With fruit Tasmania stands in the very forefront of the industry. She was the pioneer of the exportation of apples to the London market, and once the problems associated with the conveyance so far in cool storage had been solved, orchard-culture in Tasmania made rapid progress. "Apples growing at four shillings per bushel," said the principal of one of the biggest Tasmanian fruit and jam firms the other day, "will be equally as remunerative as a good paying gold-mine." This remark was *à propos* of the development of the orchard industry along the valley of the Tamar. The Tamar is a broad and bold estuary forty miles from the Heads of Launceston, and—inclusive of its many charming bays, affording something like 140 miles of shore, nearly all of its magnificent water frontages—with many ideal spots for settlement and fruit culture. Year by year the methods of carriage are being perfected and freights cheapened, and now the trade is broad, based upon the assurance of the ever-widening demand at prices that give the grower a handsome profit. The orchardists of the Huon, a noble river in the south of the island, those in the Derwent and Bagdad Valleys, have so far been the principal contributors to the export trade. The largest ships in the Anglo-Australian trade call at Hobart to take away tens of thousands of cases at a time; but now development of the industry is rapidly extending upon the northern side of the island. There is an absolute unanimity of opinion that orchard-culture in this part of Tasmania has a very prosperous future before it. Men in regular city employment are investing their savings in apple plantations, sometimes singly on a small scale, or as members of a syndicate. Larger capitalists are doing the same, and companies are also pursuing the profit that can be made by the growth of fruit. No rural class in Tasmania is so prosperous, taken as a whole, as the orchardists. Their homes are eloquent evidence of their comfortable condition. This is easy to understand when it is remembered that from £30 to £40 an acre is a very moderate estimate of what may be made off an orchard. It is an occupation that makes a strong appeal to people of some means, who, after the stress of a city life, or worn out by some trying climate, seek a new land in which to pass, under the most pleasant conditions, the later years of their life. They are not prepared to go in for the general routine of a mixed farm. With orchard-growing it is different. It is the aristocracy

of agriculture, as it were. It is certainly the most productive, and the possibilities of even a small acreage under fruit trees are wonderfully great. A few recorded instances of what Tasmanian orchard-growers have accomplished may be cited. There are small orchards which have returned up to 1,200 bushels per acre. One owner of four acres picked over 4,000 bushels of marketable apples. He sold them at 4s. per case, and thus secured a gross return of £800. At the outside the expense would not be more than £100, so the profit per acre was £175.

As may be imagined, these were level-headed, hard-working men who knew the business. It looks very easy to get rich like this; but, of course, these are extreme cases. They are quoted merely to show what is possible of accomplishment. They explain how it is that a mere handful of fruit-growers add so much every year to the wealth of the world, and have built up an export trade of such proportions that one vessel has left Tasmania with as many as 125,000 cases of fruit on board, the world's record, probably, in the shape of a cool-stored apple cargo. Covent Garden and other authorities upon fruit pronounce the demand for Tasmanian apples as practically unlimited. They reach the Old World in the "off" season, when its markets are bare of other fruits. So far their consumption has not extended very far beyond the tables of the rich, but the vast English middle-class multitude will come in later.—JOHN MCCALL, Agent-General for Tasmania.

THE HARVEST OF THE MOUNTAIN AND THE MOOR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The two photographs I send show the farmers of the Northern dales getting in rushes and bracken for winter bedding for their stock, straw being practically unknown in these remote dales. These mountain moors stand some 2,000ft. above sea-level.—W. CARTER PLATTS.

FEEDING A YOUNG CUCKOO.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent Mr. R. B. Lodge, whose illustrated paper on bringing up a cuckoo is in a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE, seems to have had much the same experience with his young cuckoo as I had with one I brought up a few years ago. I describe my bird's short but eventful life with me in COUNTRY LIFE of May 8th, under "Correspondence." The difficulty of what to do with the little plague when fully grown I overcame by sending him to the Zoological Gardens. I fancy if Mr. R. B. Lodge writes to the authorities, he will find they will be very glad to have his bird. If it was turned out now to find its own living it certainly would never find it. It is possible some small bird might mother it, but it is far more likely it would be mobbed and killed by the large birds, who dislike the cuckoo, probably from its resemblance to the hawk tribe.—H. S. ORD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In COUNTRY LIFE of September 25th, I notice one of your correspondents signing himself R. B. Lodge has written on "Bringing Up a Young Cuckoo," and does not look forward with any pleasure to providing the bird with insects or worms during the winter months. He may like to know I have brought up many purely insect-eating birds on the special food sold by bird fanciers, and I found they thrive well and were quite content with it, even when able to fly about and catch insects for themselves. I



WINTER BEDDING.

am quite sure the cuckoo will be no exception to this, and will keep in health all the winter, giving little or no trouble. I may add I had from Whiteley's a supply of the food sent me every fortnight, though the part of India I lived in teems with insect life. Nevertheless, it was a constant worry to be always on the alert to satisfy the insatiable appetites of my feathered pets.—P. P.-C.

"GEORGE."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—When George first made his appearance in the family circle he consisted of a most forbidding-looking, unctuous, small black spongy mass, incapable of any movement save that of opening his mouth for food. He was found almost unconscious beneath an elm where his parent rooks had built a nest. At first he was only fed on sop, but after a time a light diet of worms was recommended. Then came the turning point of George's existence. A friend who had had some experience with birds happened to be staying in the same house and, to the horror of George's guardians, he deliberately dropped down the ever-gaping beak eight small, sharp stones. From that remarkable day George ceased to be a fledgeling and became a rook. Shortly his appetite increased by leaps and bounds, and I have known him devour in one morning forty-eight worms, some of which resembled small snakes. This, with a stone diet, brought him on at a great pace, and soon the coarse fluff which had covered his black body was replaced by short quills, each feather neatly wrapped up in its paper-like sheath. The glossy black plumage, with its iridescent colours, soon followed, and from an ugly, shapeless mass George became a fine, handsome bird. Curiously, his tail has never grown and he remains a "Manx" rook. Unfortunately, owing to his severe fall early in life, George's hip had become dislocated, but Nature made, as usual, the best of the job, and he soon was able to get about well; in fact, his adoring family circle thought the curious hop-and-go-one action rather added to his



COCK OF THE ROOST.

charm. Though now becoming very fierce with strangers, George was still devoted to his young mistress, and it was an amusing sight to see him sitting on the back of her chair, his head on one side and beak wide open, holding long and affectionate conversation with her, and, as a great treat, at intervals being allowed to swallow her finger. As he grew older his taste for worms seemed to wane, and he much preferred woodlice, earwigs and spiders as meat diet, while taking his regular meals of sop, plain milk pudding (to which he was devoted) and a slice or two of bread-and-butter at tea. The cat and dog, who before had ruled the roost, were now completely routed, and if they dared approach too near to the tea-table, George invariably lobbed out and, with raised crest and flashing eyes, drove them into the bushes, pursuing them for some distance. They developed a wholesome respect for that powerful beak, which was driven with a hammer-like stroke into his opponent.—E. B. P.

DESTROYING WORMS ON LAWN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Some time ago I saw in your paper advice how to destroy earth-worms on a lawn. I think some mixture of gas-lime was recommended. Could anyone give me the proportions, etc., and the result (if it impoverishes the grass or not), and how to apply it?—C. THOMAS.

[If half a bushel of fresh lime is placed in about 36 gal. of water, the lawn could be freely watered with the solution. Stir thoroughly a few hours and allow it to settle before using.—ED.]

A LETTER FROM SIBERIA.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I enclose another extract from a letter lately received from my son now in Siberia, which may be of interest: "On the way to Chelyabinsk, I stayed for the night at the house of an Ural Cossack. They started

breakfast with every kind of drink and were awfully hurt if you did not have any, so I dodged them by taking brandy, burning off the spirit and then putting it in my coffee. We had some awfully good French rolls made by the wife of our host and a sort of mince pie flavoured with some strong herbs. After



THE EVER GAPING BEAK.

breakfast we were all given horses and went out for a long ride through miles of forest, where the mosquitoes were so many that the wretched horses were everlastingly bolting. I at last refused to go further, but my guide promised me we should be clear of the mosquitoes in a few minutes. When we got out we were close to the bank of one of the big lakes, a very steep bank, too, and all the way down one mass of wild flowers which extended into the water, and then further out water-lilies. It looked awfully fine, as the water was as clear as crystal and there were any amount of big silver fish. We sat and slept and fished for the whole afternoon to give the horses a rest and so as not to start before sunset, as we had about 60 versts further to go. Some of these Ural Cossacks are very wealthy men, as they own most of the land where the mines are now being found. My host was getting £8,000 a year from a syndicate who were working a mine on his land. I do not suppose he spends £50 a year, as his wife and sisters used to get up at 2 a.m. to milk the cows and take the milk to the factory. He told me he owned a forest quite near, so I asked him if he ever saw any wolves, as the droshky driver had been telling me long stories about them, and I thought this chap would know more about it. He told me he knew where there were some young ones, so off we started for the heart of the forest. Almost as soon as we entered it we saw the mother ahead of us and all the way she kept just out of gunshot, though neither of us would have shot her. The Cossack told me that he came very often to have a look at the cubs, as no one knew very much about how young wolves were brought up and at what age they began to hunt for themselves. He also said it was a very rare thing to have wolves breeding so close to habitations, as most of them were in the mountains in the south of Siberia, on the Chinese border, and a lot came down from the Arctic regions. These were always the worst with regard to killing sheep and, when in packs, cattle also. This lot of wolves had their home in a long gulley, and the bitch had scratched out a deep hole in the side of the hill and had there had her young ones. When I saw them there were only two, and they were lying like puppies all in a muddle. We went and picked them up, and they did not mind in the least. The Cossack had been playing with them ever since they were

born, so they really were quite tame. He always took his gun in case the mother might turn nasty, but so far she had not objected in the least, as he always brought her some food, and I suppose she found that much nicer than having to hunt for it herself.—W. M. CUNINGHAM

THE YEW OF KINGLY VALE.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I send you a photograph of the group of yews at Kingly Vale, near Chichester. Tradition has it that on the site where they now stand the men of Chichester, some 1,000 years ago, once met and routed a raiding party of Danes, and that the slain lie deep beneath these trees. As the photograph shows, the trees have attained a large size.—M. C. COTTAN.



YEW'S AT KINGLY VALE, CHICHESTER.